

ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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THE WAR—PRESENT AND FUTURE.

We suppose that the despatches which generals write to ministers of state are intended to be as intelligible to civilians as possible. Such would seem to be their object, since ministers are not generally professed soldiers, and since, after all, it is from his countrymen generally that a professed soldier expects the admiration and sympathy which are to reward his toils. It is not fair to measure a despatch by a literary standard, and few are the commanders, who, like Collingwood, are equally notable in their actions and in their style. What one expects is a lucid and comprehensive statement of facts—so put together that their relation to each other is clear, and the result of the whole perfectly intelligible. The country will scarcely recognise these qualities in the letter of General Simpson—about which but one thing is very clear—viz., that we failed in some unintelligible manner in our attack on the Redan.

It cannot be expected that people in England should as yet understand the details of the great events of the 8th; and it is possible that future letters from the General may make the whole of his arrangements appear far more satisfactory. But now, after a hearty burst of gratitude for the general result, we are all anxious to come to particulars, and understand as much as we can of the important

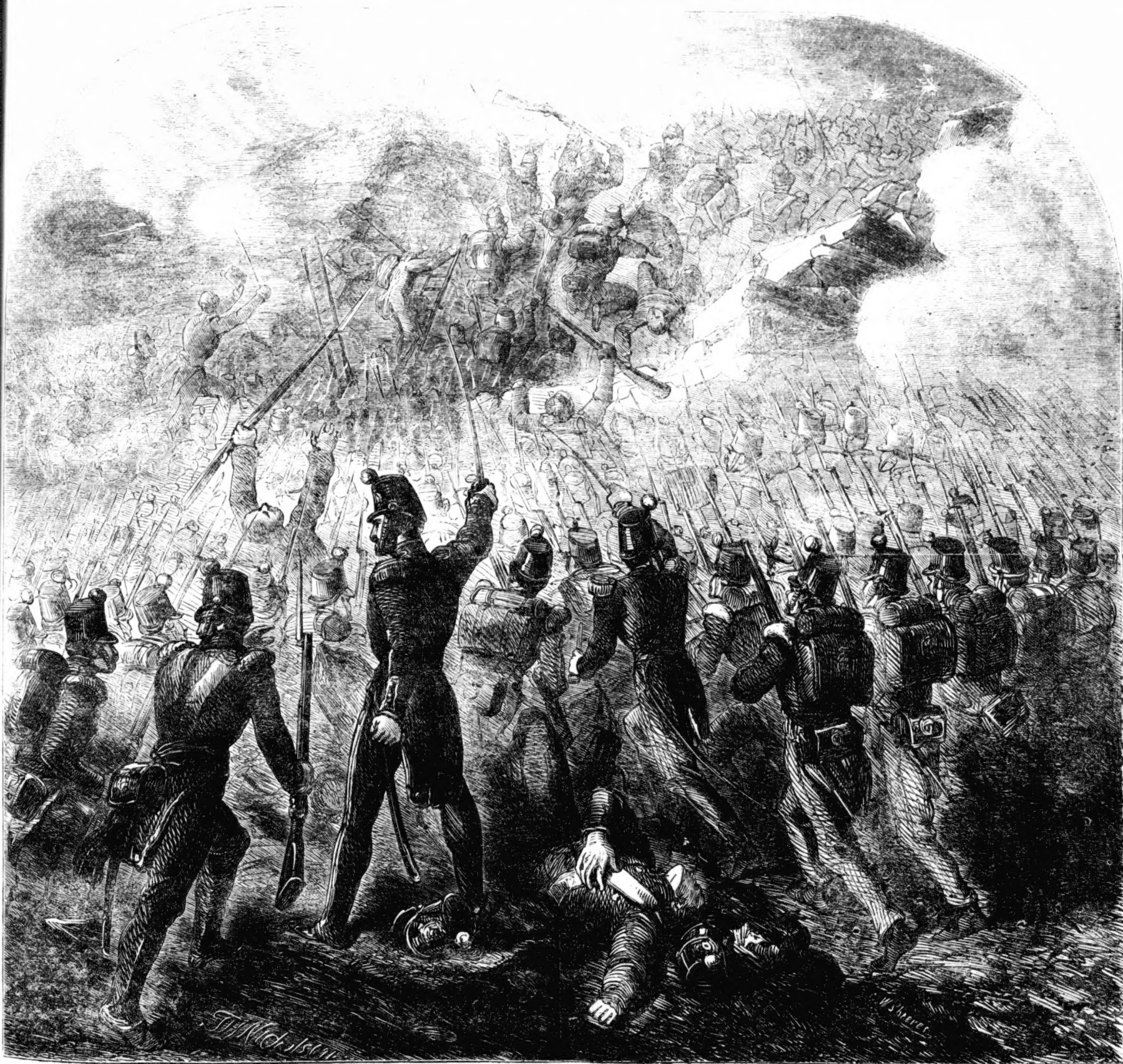
history. To underrate English achievements, and hint that the French have done it all, is a task to be left to those who are willing to dishonour England in order that the present Ministry may share the shame. This is not our way of treating these matters. But we simply take the facts as we find them, and look them in the face,—for a document like Simpson's is a paper of European interest, to be scanned, weighed, talked over, and brooded over in every capital of every kingdom.

To begin with,—a year of war has marvellously improved our way of conducting it in many particulars. To set up such lines of batteries, and keep up such a bombardment as we did before the city was attacked, was a splendid feat of arms. When one considers what amount of transport—what stores of ammunition—what practical skill in firing, that bombardment represents, it is impossible not to be proud of it. It shook the fortifications to the very heart. Three days it had lasted, till midday on the 8th, when the French fell upon the Malakhoff with a human energy kindred in character to the storm which had just closed. General Simpson, simply, (with the grave politeness of war), records the triumph of the "impetuous valour" of our Allies, and then begins his narrative of the English attack on the Redan which followed. And, here, readers anxiously

attend him to penetrate the meaning of every paragraph,—though not so successfully as they could wish.

The "assaulting column" consisted of a thousand men, and we must fancy them leaving the trenches—preceded by a covering party and ladder party. A heavy "flanking fire" meets them as they approach—the Redan being defended by special works for the purpose. The ladders, however, are placed, and the storming party gain the salient angle. Here an hour's contest ensued,—"but it was impossible to maintain the position." Did we fail in a hand-to-hand contest? or, through our position being commanded by guns? If the latter, did the enemy fire indiscriminately on the struggling masses? These are questions which one sentence might have rendered superfluous.

What people will be anxious to know is, what difference existed in the conditions under which the Malakhoff and Redan, respectively, were attacked. Let us suppose English and French to fight equally well,—what advantages had our Allies in their share of the work? Some there must have been. For,—judging both from Simpson's account, and other ones,—the Malakhoff was carried briskly and rapidly. A failure on our part must have arisen from something else than the conduct of the troops. That the General praises, and



SCALING THE PARAPET OF THE REDAN.

in its excellence the whole country has always had boundless confidence. We must try in the despatch again for an explanation.

Owing, however, to the same want of fullness, the despatch leaves us in darkness as to what support was given to the attacking force, or whether any. Now with regard to the French attack, it seems that not only had they reserves which were brought up, but that they threw up works under the fire of the Russians to support their tenure of the Malakhoff. Can it be that we turned our men pell-mell into a stronghold which mere valour could not take, without any support from science or precaution? It is nonsense to say that what our troops do is not to be commented upon, except when it is triumphant. It is because we admire these valiant men so much, that we inquire into these particulars—that we want to know whether this same valour had fair play.

So much, then, is clear, that we had some fifteen hundred and twenty men engaged, and that more than an hour elapsed before the assault failed. The despatch next informs us, that there was to have been a second assault by the Highlanders under Sir Colin Campbell, who had hitherto formed the reserve, and by the Third Division, but that the "trenches were so crowded with troops," that the General was "unable to organise it." We emphasise the notice of the "reserve," because it is not clear why it was never employed except in "driblets." The crowded state of the trenches seems odd, if we suppose (as seems reasonable) that such an event can be hindered by a General who has reason to apprehend bad consequences from it. Had the men not absolutely engaged crowded there, to observe the assaults as well as they could? This does not seem probable; but neither is it probable that the crowding could all have been caused by the reserve, or that any man would have suffered his operations to be made useless by the very bodies on which he relied for the performance of them. By and by, there will be "explanations," we suppose, of all this—and we shall publish them more cheerfully than we do these remarks.

Meanwhile, the accounts received from the regular correspondents of the journals throw a dismal light on this meagre despatch. Horrid details of useless bloodshed fill them from first to last. We not only see the complete failure of the Redan attack, but we see that it was accompanied by circumstances of the most unfortunate character. It might almost be wished that it had never been made at all, since the place was commanded by the Malakhoff, and the Malakhoff was taken by the French. True, it was required by our "glory" that we should do something,—only our glory gained little or nothing by the effort.

"Lamentable as it no doubt is, and incredible almost to those who know how the British soldier generally behaves before the enemy, the men, when they got on the parapet, were seized by some strange infatuation, and began firing, instead of following their officers, who now began to fall fast as they rushed on in front and tried to stimulate their soldiers by their example."

So says the "Times" correspondent:—Our men having with true spirit entered the place, did not behave well when they got there. They fired without advancing; their fusillade was weak; they could not be "coaxed" by their officers into pushing forward. "They had an impression that the Redan was all mined, and that if they advanced they would all be blown up." But not only this,—the "19th men did not care for the orders of the officers of the 88th,"—and so on. What could the officers do, but die helplessly, as so many did,—or struggle to the last, like the gallant and now illustrious Colonel Windham? We seem to have sent up the rawest lads to this terrible business,—surely not because our whole army afforded no better? At all events, the failure proves now to have been a worse affair than ever was suspected of it.

All the world knows why the assault was not renewed under Sir Colin, as intended, next morning. That night the Russians evacuated the place amidst the roar of explosions and the glare of fires. At daylight the Redan was quietly taken possession of. Here, however, let us not suppose that the attack of the day before (failure as it was), had nothing to do with the evacuation of the Redan. So much gallant blood had not flowed in vain. Surviving one attack—the enemy did not choose to await a second.

Since the despatch arrived,—for our observations must now become general,—no striking news has reached this country. There has been a storm at Sebastopol—a significant presage of the coming winter, and which may make us thankful that the armies have bettered their position. Speculation amuses itself by chalking out schemes of action by land and sea, during the short time of activity which remains to us.

Though it would seem to have been strongly believed in the allied armies, that the Russians would withdraw from the North, later information does not confirm that impression. On the contrary, on the 16th, they were fortifying and making new batteries. The French Government are as active as ever, and since the capture, vessel after vessel has left Marseilles with troops and stores. It is characteristic of that activity, that a number of able-bodied men has been shipped from Marseilles to be made useful in "clearing the ruins" of the captured city. We also hear of fresh levies in Russia, and of more movements of her troops to the South. At the same time, too, the Emperor of Russia having changed his intention of visiting Warsaw, is en route to Perekop. These various circumstances do not indicate peaceful expectations on either side. The last-mentioned one, in particular, would seem to show—what is probable, independently of it—that the Court of St. Petersburg is prepared to do its best to maintain the Crimea as long as possible. Hence the mention, now becoming more frequent, of the importance of Nicholasief—a naval station on the Black Sea, where shipbuilding is at this moment actively going on. It is even said that the Czar will extend his journey to this place. But now that the Russian Black Sea fleet is beneath the waves, and our men-of-war have an opportunity of moving about, it would be well if a squadron were detached in that direction to ascertain what degree of chastisement it is within their power to inflict upon this new bugbear. Meanwhile, it is known that our military authorities are not idle; reconnaissances are being actively made of the enemy's positions, and there seems good reason to expect news of operations in the field.

While such is our military condition in the matter of the war, there is nothing of consequence to report of the political aspects of it. There is no whisper of negotiations anywhere, apparently. Prussia is silent. Austria is sulky. Bomba has fortified Gaeta indeed, but the event has caused no alarm; there are but two wishes about Bomba held by the two great political parties of Europe—that of the Conservatives, who wish his head to be shaved, and that of the Radicals, who wish it to be cut off.

Everything in our opinion points to a long continuance of the war at present. Though we always have said that Russia would be beaten, we have never denied that she would take a great deal of beating. And this for the reasons urged by one of

her own friends, not long ago, who said somewhat boastfully, that her hide was so thick! Of course, it is thick. A degree of suffering which would fling England or France into revolutions, falls lightly on a country used to rough ways, and which would no more rise against its masters than the inhabitants of a well-regulated menagerie. The masters, again, not having their power risked, and being proud of their prominence before the eyes of Europe, may well be expected to hold out. Our own statesmen, on the other hand, seeing no present popularity attainable but from the war, are not likely, we think, to make or encourage any improper compromise. The country knows that, having begun the business, it must conduct it to some triumphant end, or had better never have meddled in Eastern affairs at all.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

An Imperial decree elevates three French generals in the Crimea—namely, McMahon, commanding the Corps of Reserve; General Bosquet, commanding the second corps of the army; and General Niel, commanding the Engineers—to the dignity of Grand Crosses of the Legion of Honour.

Abd-el-Kader dined with the Emperor at St. Cloud, on Saturday. The principal object of the Emir's journey to Paris was to solicit the Emperor to release him from the promise he had made to reside at Broussa, that place having become intolerable to him since the earthquake. His Majesty, it is said, has acceded to the request, and it is arranged that Abd-el-Kader shall go to live at Damascus with his family.

With reference to "the food question," the Minister of the Interior has addressed to the Emperor the following letter:—

"The produce of the last harvest, and the large addition which the United States and other more favoured countries can easily supply to it, assure to our people the requisite amount of sustenance for the consumption of the year. Commerce—thanks to the security, encouragement, and facilities given to it by your government—will know how to supply food for the markets, and there will be no want of grain anywhere. But its price, temporarily increased, causes sufferings which touch your heart. To alleviate them, you desire to multiply labour and relief throughout the land. By your orders, I submit for the signature of your Majesty, a decree opening a special credit of ten millions of francs for this object. The assistance of the departments, of the communes, of private individuals, will double and triple, if necessary, this fund of provident benevolence, and the working classes will once more bless the incessant and paternal foresight of the Emperor for their sufferings and their wants."

An Imperial decree has been issued carrying out the suggestions of the report.

SPAIN.

It is stated that the deputies resident at Madrid have been officially informed that the re-opening of the Cortes will take place on 1st Oct.

The different factious bands which have shown themselves in the province of Catalonia have been actively pursued by the troops, the militia, and the armed peasantry. The Cabailla Borges, having made his appearance at the head of 60 men at Hortal de Pla, between Solsona and San Lorenzo, two columns of troops immediately set out in pursuit of him.

Juvany, the celebrated Carlist chief, was lately killed in an encounter with the Queen's troops, within half a league of Villadran. Four of the twenty-five men he commanded also remained on the field; ten others made their escape.

The editor of a Moderado journal has been arrested by order of the civil governor, and is to be prosecuted for calumny, for having falsely stated that the Queen had miscarried.

According to the *Clamor Publico*, of the 14th, a company, headed by M. de Rothschild, was not indisposed to execute a railway to continue the line of the Pyrenees by Confront to Saragossa and Madrid. The same journal says that M. Salamanca, in selling the railway of Almansa to M. de Rothschild, has reserved to himself a fifth of the receipts. The *Gazette* states that the Government had obtained from the Bank of San Fernando an advance of 10,000,000 reals (2,500,000*l.*), on more favourable terms than previous advances—namely, at 8 per cent. The *Espana* says that the army is being increased and re-organised with all possible activity.

PRUSSIA.

The discharge of men, in consequence of the reduction of the army, has commenced in different corps; nearly 400 of each regiment will be discharged, so that the reduction will be considerable.

RUSSIA.

The Emperor Alexander left St. Petersburg for Moscow, on the 11th inst., accompanied by the Empress Dowager, the reigning Empress, the Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas, and a numerous suite. Count Nesselrode has remained at St. Petersburg; and during the absence of the Emperor, the direction of all affairs of importance is confided to the Grand Duke Constantine. This journey is stated to be made with considerable pomp; and the present intention of the Emperor appears to be to leave his Imperial consort at Moscow on his return, and then to proceed to the army of reserve in New Russia.

The Czar arrived at Odessa on the 23rd, and held a council of war. The Emperor, in a rescript, thanks the Moscow merchants for a freewill offering of 92,500 silver roubles.

AUSTRIA.

The Government has caused an announcement to be published to the effect, that the new state of things may give occasion to a diplomatic contest or a sanguinary strife between Russia and the Western Powers, but it will in no way affect the mediatory attitude of Austria.

The arrival at Vienna of Baron Heeckeren, a confidential adviser of Napoleon III., indicates important negotiations at Vienna. The Emperor Francis Joseph finds it necessary to return from Ischl to his Imperial residence at Vienna.

ITALY.

MAZZINI is reported to have issued an address to the Italians, calling upon them to rise in insurrection.

SICILY.

A CHANGE of Ministry has taken place in Naples. Prince Ischitella and Mazas are dismissed. Winspeare is Secretary of State, Picena Minister of War, and Bianchini of Police.

Sicily is in a most convulsed state, and great disturbances have already occurred at Palermo.

AUSTRALIA.

THE Ballarat correspondent of a Melbourne paper, gives the following account of the disturbances to which we referred in our impression of last week:—

"From information which has just come to hand, I fear that we are on the eve of serious disturbances in this district. Ill feeling has manifested itself between the Irish and other miners on the Amherst and Daisy Hill Gold Field, and by the latest accounts, the Irish portion of the community there had had notice given to them to leave that neighbourhood within 24 hours, or be driven off. Some disputes as to claims appear to be at the bottom of the affair. The Australian Know-Nothingism is among the other signs of the times, and may yet command more attention than is supposed. I am sorry to say that the Chinese are still persecuted here. During the coming in of a large number of these people a few days ago the dogs were set on them, and in one case a savage bull-dog tore the clothes from off a Chinaman's back, and as may be supposed, frightened the man considerably. Mr. Commissioner Mackenzie, when informed of the occurrence, very properly interfered, but too late to save the man from being ill-used in the first place."

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S RELATIONSHIP TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.—This scion of the distinguished house of Bonaparte, who is now cruising about our shores, is, according to a statement of our contemporary, the "Press," connected, and that not distantly, with the Queen of England. His Imperial Highness, as is well known, is the son of Jerome, ex-King of Westphalia, by Frederica, a princess of Wurtemberg; and the mother of the latter was a daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, by Augusta, sister of George III.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

GENERAL SIMPSON'S DESPATCH.

MAJOR THE HON. LEICESTER CURZON arrived in London last Saturday morning, with a despatch from General Simpson to Lord Panmure, of which the following is a copy:—

Before Sebastopol, Sept. 9, 1855.

My LORD,—I had the honour to apprise your Lordship, in my despatch of the 4th inst., that the Engineer and Artillery officers of the Allied armies had laid before General Pelissier and myself a report recommending that the assault should be given on the 8th inst., after a heavy fire had been kept up for three days.

This arrangement I agreed to, and I have to congratulate your Lordship on the glorious results of the attack of yesterday, which has ended in the possession of the town, dockyards, and public buildings, and destruction of the last ships of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea. Three steamers alone remain, and the capture or sinking of these must speedily follow.

It was arranged that at twelve o'clock in the day the French columns of assault were to leave their trenches, and take possession of the Malakhoff and adjacent works. After their success had been assured, and they were fairly established, the Redan was to be assaulted by the English; the Bastion, Central and Quarantine Forts on the left, were simultaneously to be attacked by the French.

At the hour appointed, our Allies quitted their trenches, entered and carried the apparently impregnable defences of the Malakhoff with that impetuous valour which characterises the French attack; and, having once obtained possession, they were never dislodged.

The tricolour planted on the parapet was the signal for our troops to advance.

The arrangements for the attack I entrusted to Lieutenant-General Sir William Codrington, who carried out the details in concert with Lieutenant-General Markham.

I determined that the Second and Light Divisions should have the honour of the assault, from the circumstance of their having defended the batteries and approaches against the Redan for so many months, and from the intimate knowledge they possessed of the ground.

The fire of our artillery having made as much of a breach as possible in the salient of the Redan, I decided that the columns of assault should be directed against that part, as being less exposed to the heavy flanking fire by which this work is protected.

It was arranged between Sir W. Codrington and Lieutenant-General Markham that the assaulting column of 1,000 men should be formed by equal numbers of these two divisions, the column of the Light Division to lead, that of the Second to follow. They left the trenches at the preconcerted signal, and moved across the ground, preceded by a covering party of 200 men, and a ladder party of 320. On arriving at the crest of the ditch, and the ladders placed, the men immediately stormed the parapet of the Redan, and penetrated into the salient angle. A most determined and bloody contest was here maintained for nearly an hour, and, although supported to the utmost, and the greatest bravery displayed, it was found impossible to maintain the position.

Your Lordship will perceive by the long and sad list of casualties, what gallantry and self-devotion the officers so nobly placed themselves at the head of their men during this sanguinary conflict.

I feel myself unable to express in adequate terms the sense I entertain of the conduct and gallantry exhibited by the troops, though their devotion was not rewarded by the success which they so well merited, but to no one are my thanks more justly due than to Colonel Wyndham, who gallantly headed his column of attack, and was fortunate in entering, and remaining with the troops, during the contest.

The trenches were, subsequently to this attack, so crowded with troops, that I was unable to organise a second assault, which I intended to make with the Highlanders under Lieut.-General Sir Colin Campbell, who had hitherto formed the reserve, to be supported by the Third Division under Major-General Sir William Eyre. I, therefore, sent for these officers, and arranged with them to renew the attack the following morning.

The Highland Brigade occupied the advanced trenches during the night. About eleven o'clock the enemy commenced exploding their magazines, and Sir Colin Campbell having ordered a small party to advance cautiously to examine the Redan, found the work abandoned; he did not, however, deem it necessary to occupy it until daylight.

The evacuation of the town by the enemy was made manifest during the night. Great fires appeared in every part, accompanied by large explosions, under the cover of which the enemy succeeded in withdrawing their troops to the north side by means of the raft bridge recently constructed, and which they afterwards disconnected and conveyed to the other side.

Their men-of-war were all sunk during the night.

The boisterous weather rendered it altogether impossible for the admirals to fulfil their intention of bringing the broadsides of the allied fleets to bear upon the Quarantine Batteries; but an excellent effect was produced by the animated and well-directed fire of their mortar-vessels, those of her Majesty being under the direction of Captain Wilcox, of the *Olbia*, and Captain Digby, of the Royal Marine Artillery.

It now becomes my pleasing duty, my Lord, to place on record the high sense I entertain of the conduct of this army since I have had the honour to command it. The hardships and privations endured by many of the regiments during a long winter campaign are too well known for me to comment upon. They were borne both by officers and men with a patience and unflinching endurance worthy of the highest praise, and which gained them the deserved applause and sympathy of their country.

The Naval Brigade, under the command of Capt. the Hon. Henry Keppel, aided by Captain Moorson, and many gallant officers and seamen who have served the guns from the commencement of the siege, merit my warmest thanks.

The prompt, hearty, and efficacious co-operation of her Majesty's navy, commanded by Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, and ably seconded by Sir Houston Stewart, has contributed most materially to the success of our undertaking. And here, perhaps, I may be permitted to say that, if it had pleased God that the successful result of this memorable siege should have been reported by my ever-to-be-lamented predecessor in this command, I am sure that it would have been one of his most pleasing duties to express the deep sense which I know he entertained of the invaluable assistance and counsel he received on all occasions from Sir Edmund Lyons. When, at times, affairs looked gloomy and success doubtful, he was at hand to cheer and encourage; and every assistance that could tend to advance the operations, was given with the hearty good-will which characterises the British sailor.

Nothing has contributed more to the present undertaking than the cordial co-operation which has so happily existed from the first between the two services.

I cannot sufficiently express my approbation of the conduct of the Royal Engineers under Lieut.-General Sir Harry Jones, who has conducted the siege operations from the beginning of this year. For some time past he has been suffering on a bed of sickness, but the eventful hour of the assault would not permit him to remain absent; he was conveyed on a litter into the trenches to witness the completion of his arduous undertakings.

My warmest thanks are due to the officers and soldiers of the Royal Artillery under the command of Major-General Sir R. Daeres, who, during the arduous operations of this protracted siege, have so mainly contributed to its ultimate success.

I must beg further to record my thanks for the cordial co-operation and assistance I have received in carrying out the details of the service from the Chief of the Staff, the Adjutant and Quartermaster Generals, and general staff, as well as generals commanding divisions and brigades of this army.

I must reserve to myself, for the subject of a future despatch, bringing before your Lordship the particular mention of officers of the various branches of this army, whom I shall beg to recommend to your favourable notice.

I entrust this despatch to the care of Brevet-Major the Hon. Leicester Curzon, who has been assistant military secretary to my noble predecessor

and myself since the commencement of this war, and who will be able to give your Lordship more minute details than the limits of a despatch will allow.—I have, &c.

JAMES SIMPSON, General Commanding.

The Lord Panmure, &c.

OFFICERS KILLED AND WOUNDED.

In our impression of September 15 we published the list of officers killed and wounded, which Lord Panmure had received by telegraph; but which was at the same time stated to be subject to correction. Comparing this list with the "corrected list" published in the *Gazette* of Saturday last the following appear to be the most important variations:—

Killed—Captain Hutton, of the 97th Foot, was returned under this head instead of missing.
Dyingly Wounded—Lieut. Swire, 17th Foot; Captain Gilliam, 1st Foot; Captain Peachy, 3rd Foot, were omitted.
Slightly Wounded—Lieut. Moorsom, 30th Foot; Captain Richards, 55th Foot; Captain Sergeant, 5th Foot; Lieut. and Adjutant Hamilton, 41st Foot; Lieut. Pring, 62nd Foot; Ensign and Adjutant Toseland, 33rd Foot; and Ensign Hill, 9th Foot, were omitted. Major Pratt, 41st Foot, was inserted for Major Platt; and Lieut. Wallis, 33rd Foot, for Lieut. Wallis.

THE WOUNDED OFFICERS.

War Department, Sept. 22.
Lord Panmure having, in consequence of numerous inquiries, asked General Simpson to report upon the condition of the wounded officers, has received by telegraph, dated the 20th inst., eight a.m., a satisfactory account of their progress towards recovery.

NAVAL DESPATCHES.

Admiralty, Sept. 22, 1855.
Despatches, of which the following are copies, have been received from Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's ships and vessels in the Mediterranean and Black Seas.

Royal Albert, off Sebastopol, Sept. 10, 1855.
Sir,—Of the operations on shore, which have produced the successful result of the singular and memorable siege of Sebastopol, her Majesty's Government will be informed by General Simpson; but it is my duty to report to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty what has taken place aboard and on the seaboard under my own observation.

It had been arranged by Generals Simpson and Pelissier, Admiral Bruat, and myself, that precisely at noon on the 8th inst., the Allied fleets should open fire on the Quarantine Batteries that enfiladed the approach of the assaulting columns; but, unfortunately, the weather, which had been fine for some days, changed on the morning of the attack, and a north-west gale and heavy sea rendered it impossible for any vessels to act upon batteries situated on the lee shore of this exposed roadstead. It will, however, appear by the enclosed reports from Captain Wilcox of the *Odin*, and Captain Digby, of the Royal Marine Artillery (whom, as well as the junior officers mentioned by them, I beg leave particularly to recommend to the favourable consideration of your Lordships) that the mortar-vessels attached to the fleets, kept up a very effective fire from their position in the Bay of Strélitzka.

As the day closed, things in the harbour seemed to be in the same state as they were in the morning, but, during the night, several heavy explosions were heard, and at dawn we observed that the fortifications on the south side were in flames, and that the six remaining ships of the line had been sunk at their moorings, leaving afloat no more of the late Russian Black Sea fleet than two dismasted corvettes and nine steamers, most of which are very small.

Soon afterwards the enemy were seen retreating across the newly-constructed bridge, until the south side of the harbour, on which the naval and military arsenals, the public buildings, and the town of Sebastopol, are situated, appeared to be completely evacuated, and then the southern portion of the bridge was hauled over to the north shore.

It is now my pleasing duty to render justice to the admirable conduct of all whom I have had the honour and happiness to command during the last nine months of this arduous struggle, and whose duties I shared in before; for although, with the exception of the Naval Brigade in the camp, whose gallant bearing from the beginning, under the command of Sir Stephen Lushington, has been beyond all praise, and never more so than during the last two bombardments under the command of the Hon. Captain Keppel, it has not fallen to the lot of the navy, on this occasion, to perform distinguished deeds of arms such as those of their gallant brethren in the army; still, whilst straining every nerve, night and day, under very trying circumstances, to supply the means for carrying on the siege, in the glory of which they could not share, the generous cheer of encouragement, unalloyed by envy, has always been heartily given in the day of triumph; nor have sympathy and assistance ever been wanting in the hour of distress and suffering; the same sentiments have pervaded all ranks—captains, officers, seamen, and marines, all agreeing with each other in following, as I believe I have said once before, the excellent example set them by my second in command and coadjutor, Rear-Admiral Houston Stewart.

Perhaps in closing this letter I may be permitted to indulge in the expression of the gratification I feel in reflecting, that, under all the circumstances to which it relates, my gallant colleague, Vice-Admiral Bruat, and I have gone heart and hand together, and that the most perfect understanding and hearty co-operation in the great cause of humanity in which we are all engaged have invariably prevailed throughout both fleets.

I am, &c. (Signed) EDMUND LYONS,
To the Secretary of the Admiralty.

Strélitzka Bay, Sept. 8, 1855.

Sir,—I have the honour to report that, in pursuance of the orders which I received from you this morning, I opened fire from the mortar-vessels at 8.30 a.m., upon the Quarantine Battery, and a general and more rapid fire, from noon until 7 p.m., upon the Quarantine Battery and Fort Alexander. The two outward vessels were much exposed to the swell which set into the bay, rendering a large object desirable, and I therefore directed their fire between Artillery Bay and the Bastion de Quarantine, where I had been informed the Russian reserves were placed.

The force of the wind and heavy swell which prevailed were singularly unfavourable to accuracy, and the general satisfactory nature of the firing was due to the ability exercised by the officers of Royal Marine Artillery who conducted it; and I beg to submit to your notice the names of First Lieutenant Starr, First Lieutenant Hewett, First Lieutenant Brooks, First Lieutenant Festing, and First Lieutenant Pitman, the officers employed.

The non-commissioned officers and gunners also performed their duties in a most satisfactory manner; and I may especially mention the services of Colour-Sergeant Horner, who, in the absence of an officer, undertook the firing of the *Firm*, mortar-vessel.

Owing to the state of the weather, and the smallness of the means at their disposal, the officers in command had to overcome great difficulties in maintaining the position of their vessels; and I beg to be allowed to express my high opinion of the services of Messrs. Leet, Creagh, and Pearson, Brent, Hart, and Vaughan (mates), who so ably performed these duties, and greatly contributed to the success of the firing.—I have, &c., (Signed) G. DIGBY, Captain R.M.A.

Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., &c., G.C.B.

Her Majesty's Ship *Odin*, off Sebastopol, Sept. 8, 1855.

Sir,—I have the honour to acknowledge that, acting in pursuance of your directions, and in conjunction with Captain Bachm, commanding four French mortar-vessels, you did me the honour of placing under my command, till 7 p.m., against the Quarantine Fort and outworks, as well as upon Fort Alexander and the upper bastions (where, near to the latter place, a large number of the enemy's reserve were posted), keeping their fire so completely under that only a few shot and shell were returned, and but few fired into the French battery and advanced works before us. A small number of carcasses were also successfully thrown into the town and upper bastion, which produced a conflagration of some extent.

To Captain Digby, Royal Marine Artillery, and the artillery officer in each vessel, I must attribute the successful practice, and I am glad of the opportunity of bringing to your notice the indefatigable and zealous conduct of Mr. H. K. Leet, mate, in charge of the *Firm*, who, from being the senior officer of the mortar-vessels, has always ably carried out my instructions; and I am happy to bear testimony to the praiseworthy conduct of Messrs. J. B. Creagh, T. L. Pearson, H. W. Brent, A. F. Hart, and Henry Vaughan, mates, in charge of the other mortar-vessels.

I have also great pleasure in stating that no casualty occurred, and that neither the mortars nor vessels were at all damaged by the heavy firing.—I have, &c., (Signed) J. A. WILCOX, Captain.

Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., &c., G.C.B.

REPORTED PROCEEDINGS OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE.

Royal Naval Brigade, before Sebastopol, Sept. 9, 1855.

Sir,—I have the honour to inform you that, in pursuance of instructions, a vigorous fire was opened from the batteries at six o'clock on the morning of the 7th, and was maintained throughout the day; the fire was recommenced yesterday morning with increased vigour, preparatory to an assault to be made by our Allies on the Malakhoff, and subsequently by ourselves on the Redan.

2. At noon the French were observed to start *en masse* from their trenches and possess themselves in gallant style of the Malakhoff Battery, on which the tricolour flag was hoisted and the Imperial eagles planted within ten minutes of their quitting the trenches.

3. The French flag was no sooner displayed on the Malakhoff than our storming party issued from their trenches, and assailed the salient angle of the Redan; but the enemy were by that time prepared to meet them, and as the supporting party advanced, a heavy fire of grape and canister was opened on them, in spite of a brisk fire kept up from our batteries on all parts of the Redan not assailed, as well as on the flanking batteries.

4. After maintaining the footing they had gained for some time, our troops were obliged to retire, the killed and wounded left on the ground sufficiently testifying how gallantly they had fought.

5. The fire from our batteries was kept up until dark, and at about eleven o'clock the enemy evacuated the Redan, after having fired a train that exploded the magazines.

6. This morning's light showed how successful and complete had been the victory gained by the allied forces.

7. The enemy had evacuated all their positions on the south side of the harbour; the town, Fort Nicholas, Fort Paul, and dockyard were in flames, and their line of battle ships had been sunk in the positions they were last seen in when at anchor.

8. The conduct of the officers and men of the brigade under my command has been such as to continue to merit the high opinion you have been pleased to express of them.

9. I have the honour to enclose a list of casualties for the 7th and 8th.—I am, &c., (Signed) HENRY KEPPEL,

Captain Commanding Royal Naval Brigade.

Rear-Admiral Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., &c., &c., Commander-in-Chief.

GENERAL M'MAHON TO HIS TROOPS.—The following order of the day was issued by General M'Mahon to his division on the eve of the attack upon the Malakhoff:—"Soldiers of the First Division of Zouaves of the Guard,—You are at last about to quit your parallels to attack the enemy hand to hand. On this decisive day our General has confided to you the most important task—the taking of the Malakhoff Redan—the key of Sebastopol. Soldiers,—The entire army has its eyes upon you, and your colours planted upon the ramparts of that citadel will be the answer to the signal given for the general assault. Twenty thousand English and twenty thousand French on your left will support you, by throwing themselves into that side of the place. Zouaves, Chasseurs-à-Pied, Soldiers of the 7th, 20th, and 27th of the Ligne, your bravery is a guarantee for the success which will immortalise the numbers of your regiments. In a few hours the Emperor will tell France what the soldiers of Alma and Inkermann can do. I will give the signal by the cry of 'Vive l'Empereur!' Our rallying word shall be 'Honneur et Patrie.' The General of Division commanding the attack on the Malakhoff Tower, —M'MAHON."

A FOUR-FOOTED CRIMEAN HERO.—Great sensation has been created in the camp of the Allies by the courageous conduct of a large dog, belonging to Colonel Metmain, of the 73rd Regiment of French infantry. On the 16th of August, during the battle of the Tchernaya, the animal broke his chain, and dashed into the fury of the fray, fighting in the ranks of the soldiers. He saved the life of a sergeant and a private of the regiment, and made three Russians prisoners. A ball grazed his fore-paw, but the smarting wound only served to make him more infuriated. He singled out a Russian officer, and attacked him with ferocity, threw him down, and dragged him as a prisoner to the French lines. A surgeon dressed his wound, and the four-footed hero is going on well. He will probably be decorated with a medal as a reward for his bravery.

THE FINAL BOMBARDMENT.

THE contest on which the eyes of Europe have been turned so long is nearly decided—the event on which the hopes of so many mighty empires depended, is all but determined. Sebastopol is in flames! The fleet, the object of so much diplomatic controversy, and of so many bloody struggles, has disappeared in the deep! One more great act of carnage has been added to the tremendous, but glorious tragedy, of which the whole world, from the most civilised nations down to the most barbarous hordes of the East, has been the anxious and excited audience. Amid shouts of victory and cries of despair—in frantic rejoicing and passionate sorrow—a pall of black smoke, streaked by the fiery flashings of exploding fortresses, descends upon the stage, on which has been depicted so many varied traits of human misery and of human greatness, such high endurance and calm courage, such littleness and weakness—across which have stalked characters, which history may develop as largely as the struggle in which they were engaged, and swell to giant proportions, or which she may dwarf into pettiest dimensions, as unworthy of the part they played. A dull, strange silence, broken at distant intervals by the crash of citadels and palaces as they fly into dust, succeeds to the incessant dialogue of the cannon which have spoken so loudly and so angrily throughout an entire year; and tired armies separated from each other by a sea of fires, rest on their arms, and gaze with varied emotions on all that remains of the object of their conflicts. To every one out here the occurrences of the last few days seem prodigious, startling, and momentous. Time will show whether we duly appreciate them. On Saturday we felt that the great success of our valiant Allies was somewhat tarnished by our own failure, and it was doubtful whether the Russians would abandon all hope of retaking the Malakhoff. On Sunday, ere noon, we were walking about the streets of Sebastopol and gazing on its ruins. The army is now in suspense as to its future. The south side of the city is in the hands of the Allies. On the north side the great citadel and numerous regular forts, backed by enormous earthworks, and defended by a numerous army, bid us defiance across a narrow strip of water, and Russia may boast that she has not yet lost Sebastopol. The Allied fleet remains outside, paralyzed by Fort Constantine, and its dependencies, and everyone is going about asking, "What are we to do now?"

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AND FORTIFICATIONS FROM CATHEART'S HILL.

SEPT. 5.—At dawn on the morning of the 5th of September the French opened fire. The air was pure and light, and a gentle breeze from the south-east, which continued all day, drifted over the steppe, and blew gently into Sebastopol. The sun shone serenely through the vapours of early morning and wreaths of snowy clouds on the long lines of white houses inside those rugged defences of earth and gabionade, which have so long kept our armies gazing in vain on this "august city." The ships lay floating on the waters of the roads, which were smooth as a mirror, and, like it, reflected them, and outside our own fleet and that of the French equally inactive, and not quite so useful to us, were reposing from Kazatch to Constantine, as idly as though they were "painted ships" upon a "painted ocean."

From Cathcart's Hill, the eye embraces a portion of the defences of the Quarantine—the French approaches to it and to the Flagstaff Batteries, up to their junction with our left attack across the ravine at the end of the Dockyard creek. One can sweep over the Flagstaff Batteries' works—the suburb of ruined houses, or rather the sites of cottages and residences, which are all that is now left of long streets by the fire of our Allies, enclosed between the flagstaff and the crenellated sea-wall, and, looking over this wall, take in at a *coup d'œil* the civil town behind it, still presenting a stately appearance as it rises on the hillside tier over tier, full of churches, stately mansions, and public buildings of fine white or red sandstone, with gardens interspersed and trees growing in the walks. These fine structures are not exempt from "low neighbourhoods" of whitewashed houses, which belong to the garrison or to the poorer inhabitants. The hill on which this part of the city stands rises from the rear of the Flagstaff Battery to the height of 200 feet or more, and, presenting a steep face to the creek from the dockyard, sweeps round to the roads, into which it descends sheer behind the southern forts. We cannot see the houses which are built upon this face of the hill, but those which are situated on the eastern faces, or on the descent to Dockyard Creek, are quite discernible by the naked eye.

There is a poor suburb at the base, and thence the houses rise in terraces, with flights of steps and curving roads up to the brow of the hill. The bombardment is beginning to tell on these buildings. A church, decorated with many small pinnacles at the angles of the roof, has been struck by a shell, which has burst in the roof. Some of the best mansions are split open, or gape from their cracked walls on the day; others are perforated right through with shot-holes, through which the light is visible—windows, doors, pillars, and columns are broken or destroyed. In the rubbish of the suburb, next to the Flagstaff works, there are several batteries in excellent order, which are not injured by the Allied batteries, and which have not yet fired much, if at all. They are mostly *flèches*, and seem intended as outlying works of the second line of defences. Near the top of the hill, inside the crenellated wall, a portion of the interior line of these defences is to be seen. A battery, called the "Crow's Nest," from its elevated position, is placed near this line, and has an extensive command over the right of the French left attack, and over our sailors' batteries in the left of our left attack, to which it is rather troublesome. This contains a couple of large mortars, in addition to some long-range guns, and can bear on any troops between the outer defences and the foot of the hill on which the town rises, and the ravine between our left and the French left attack.

A very strong series of earthworks crowns the ridge of the same hill, and the defences broken by the creek are continued towards the right by the various batteries (Barrack, Road, Garden, Black, Batty, &c.), which are connected with the Great Redan, and thence are carried to the Malakhoff and its outlying works. The suburb behind these defences next the creek, and in front of our left attack, is in complete ruins, but our line of batteries is almost too far to do injury to the public buildings behind the suburb, although our old first parallel has been disarmed as being too far, and the guns moved into the second parallel and various batteries in front of it. The line of the first parallel and the hill on which it is placed conceal from the spectator at Cathcart's Hill the cemetery, which we occupy since the 18th of June, and which is improperly marked as "The Ovens" in one of the best maps of the place. They also hide the course of the Woronzow road and the ravine in front under the proper right of the Redan. The ravine between our right and left attack is visible till it is closed up by the sweep of the hills on which the attacking batteries are placed, and by the ragged height seemed with rifle pits, craters of bombs, zigzags, and the works of our Quarries Battery. Behind the Redan are visible the long line of the dockyard and arsenal buildings, and the barracks, which have been rendered uninhabitable on the near side by our fire—the great sheers, the floating bridge across the roads to the north side, the two lines of men-of-war—the *Twelve Apostles* and five two-deckers, frigates, and steamers. Then, on the right, lie the Malakhoff, Mamelon, and the White Works, and Mount Sapouné peering beyond over them and the north side—the citadel, the Russian camp, Inkermann, its batteries, and the plateau of the Belbek forming the background, which is defined still further by a strip of blue sea.

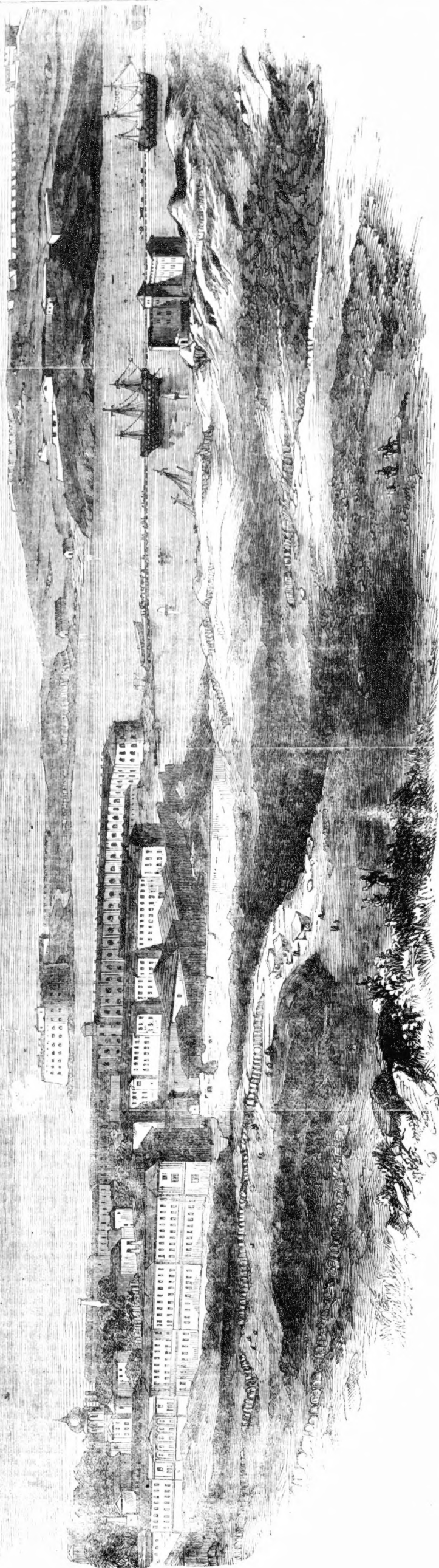
From Cathcart's Hill, on the right front of the Fourth Division camp, one can gain an admirable view of certain points of the position from the sea on the left to our extreme right at Inkermann. That advantage is, however, rarely obtainable when there is any heavy firing, as the smoke generally hangs in thick clouds between the earthworks, nor can it be dispelled, unless by a brisk wind. If one of the few persons who were in the secret of the opening of the French batteries had been on Cathcart's Hill on the morning of the 5th, he would have beheld then, just ere half-past five o'clock, the whole of this scene marked out in keen detail in the clear morning air. The men in our trenches can be seen sitting down behind the traverses, or strolling about in the rear of the parapets. Small trains of animals and files of men are passing over the ground between the trenches and the camp, and the only smoke that catches the eye arises from the kettles of the soldiery, or from a rifle in the advanced works.

On the left, however, it can be seen that the French trenches are crowded with men, and that their batteries are all manned, though the men keep well out of view, and the mantlets, and screens are yet down before the muzzles of some of their guns. The men beneath the parapets swarm like bees. A few gray-coated Russians are in view repairing the works of the Flagstaff Battery, or engaged in throwing up a new work, which promises to be of considerable strength, in front of the second line of their defences. Suddenly, along the earthen curtain between Nos. 7 and 8 Bastions, three jets of flame spring up into the air and hurl up as many pillars of earth and dust, which are warmed into ruddy hues by the horizontal rays of the sun.

THE FRENCH ATTACK—DREADFUL HAVOC.

The French have exploded three fougasses to blow in the counterscarp, and to serve as a signal to their men. Instantly from the sea to the Dockyard Creek there seems to run a stream of fire, and fleecy, curling, rich white smoke, as though the earth had suddenly been rent in the throes of an earthquake, and was vomiting forth the material of her volcanoes. The lines of the French trenches were at once covered as though the very clouds of heaven had settled down upon them and were whirled about in spiral jets, in festoons, in clustering bunches, in columns, and in sheets, all commingled, involved together by the vehement flames beneath. The crash of such a tremendous fire must have been appalling, but the wind and the peculiar condition of the atmosphere did not permit the sound to produce any great effect on our camp; in the city, for the same reason, the noise must have been terrific and horrible. The iron storm tore over the Russian lines, tossing up, as if in sport, jets of earth and dust, rending asunder gabions, and "squelching" the parapets, or bounding over among the houses and ruins in their rear. The terrible files of iron, about four miles in front, rushed across the plain, carrying death and ruin with them, swept with their heavy and irresistible wings the Russian flanks, and searched their centre to the core. A volley so startling, simultaneous, and tremendously powerful, was probably never yet uttered since the cannon found its voice. The Russians seemed for a while utterly paralysed, their batteries were not manned with strength enough to enable them to reply to such an overlapping and crushing fire; but the French, leaping to their guns with astounding energy, rapidity, and strength, kept on filling the very air with the hurdling storm, and sent it in unbroken fury against their enemies. More than 200 pieces of artillery of large calibre, admirably served and well directed, played incessantly on the hostile lines. In a few moments a great veil of smoke—"a war-cloud rolling dun"—spread from the guns over on the left side of Sebastopol; but the roar of the shot did not cease, and the cannonade now peeled forth in great irregular bursts, now died away into hoarse murmurs, again swelled up into tumult, or rattled from end to end of the line like the file-fire of infantry. Stone walls went down before the guns at once, but the earthworks yawned to receive shot and shell alike.

However, so swift and incessant was the passage of these missiles through the embrasures and along the tops of the parapets, that the enemy had to lie close, and could scarcely show themselves in the front line of defences. For a few minutes, then, the French had it all their own way,



THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE HARBOUR OF SEBASTOPOL—FORTS CONSTANTINE AND NICHOLAS.—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN FOLCHER.)

and appeared to be on the point of sweeping away the place without resistance; but, after they had fired a few rounds from each of their numerous guns, the Russian artillerymen got to work, and began to return our Allies' fire. They make good practice, but fired slowly and with precision, as if they could not afford to throw away an ounce of powder. The French were stimulated rather than lamed by such a reply to their astonishing volleys, and their shot flew with increased rapidity along the line of defences, and bounded in among the houses of the town.

WHAT WERE THE ENGLISH DOING?

They were just working their guns as usual, and had received no orders to open general fire. Our batteries, therefore, rendered little assistance to the French; but they maintained their usual destructive and solid "hammering" on the face of the Redan and of the Malakhoff, and aided our invaluable Allies by keeping up a regular shell practice on the batteries from the Creek to the Redan. Now two or three mortars from Gordon's, then two or three mortars from Chapman's, hurled 10 and 13-inch shells behind the enemy's works, and connected the discharges by rounds from long 32's or 68's. It is not known why this evident want of unanimity existed, and why we did not open fire at the same time with the French. General Pelissier was over at our head-quarters, and had an interview with General Simpson the day preceding, and it is not unlikely that the French Commander, with his characteristic impetuosity, resolved on opening fire, finding that we were not quite prepared to do so with effect, and relying on his own numerous and heavy ordnance and abundance of ammunition. Our Allies must appreciate the readiness with which we have on several occasions lent them guns, shot, and shell, and are too generous, while remembering such services, to find fault with us if we had not accumulated such masses of stores as they had collected. After all, it may turn out that, for military reasons, the generals resolved to let the French open first, and that their cannonade was a matter of arrangement.

DAMAGE DONE TO THE RUSSIAN WORKS—AGITATION.

But all this has nothing to do with the siege, and meantime our Allies are pounding away with exceeding warmth at everything within range of them. Our Quarry Battery, armed with two mortars and eight columbs, just 400 yards below the Redan, plies the suburb in the rear of the Malakhoff vigorously, and keeps the top of the Redan clear. Redan and Malakhoff are alike silent, ragged, and torn. At most the Redan fires three guns, and the adjoining batteries are equally parsimonious. The parapets are all pitted with shot and shell, and the sides of the embrasures are greatly injured, so that the gabions are sticking out, and are tumbling down in all directions. There is no more of that fine polishing and of that cabinetmaker's work which the Russians bestowed on their batteries: our constant fire by night, our riflemen, and incessant shelling, have prevented their anxiety as to external appearance being gratified. After two hours and a half of furious fire, the artillerymen of our Allies suddenly ceased, in order to let their guns cool and to rest themselves. The Russians crept out to repair damages to their works, and shook sandbags full of earth from their parquette over the outside of their parapets. Their gunners also took advantage of this sudden cessation to open on our sailors' batteries in the left attack, and caused us some little annoyance from the "crow's nest." At ten o'clock, however, having previously exploded some fougasses, as before, the French re-opened a fire, if possible, more rapid and tremendous than their first, and continued to keep it up with the utmost vigour till twelve o'clock at noon, by which time the Russians had only a few guns in the Flagstaff-road and Garden Batteries in a position to reply. We could see them in great agitation sending men and carts to and fro across the bridge; and at nine o'clock a powerful column of infantry crossed over to resist our assault, while a movement towards Inkermann was made by the army of the Belbek. Soon after our fire began, as early as six o'clock, the working parties which go over to the north side every morning seemed to be recalled, and were marched back again across the bridge to the south, no doubt to be in readiness for our expected assault.

THE BURSTING OF SHELLS—RUSSIAN VESSEL ON FIRE.

From 12 to 5 p.m. the firing was slack; the French then resumed their cannonade with the same astounding vigour as at dawn and at 10 o'clock, and never ceased their volleys of shot and shell against the place till half-past seven, when darkness set in, and all the mortars and heavy guns, English as well as French, opened with shell against the whole line of defences. A description of this scene is now impossible. There was not one instant in which the shells did not whistle through the air—not a moment in which the sky was not seamed by their fiery curves, or illumined by their explosion. Our practice was beyond all praise. Every shell burst as it ought, and the lines of the Russian earthworks of the Redan, Malakhoff, and of all their batteries, were rendered plainly visible by the constant light of the bursting shells. The Russians scarcely attempted a reply. At five o'clock it was observed that a frigate in the second line near the north side was smoking, and as it grew darker flames were seen to issue from her sides. Men and officers rushed to the front in the greatest delight and excitement, and as night came on the whole vessel broke out into one grand blaze from stem to stern. The delight of the crowd on Cathcart's Hill was intense. "Well, this is indeed a sight!—to see one of those confounded ships touched at last!" These and many different and stronger expressions were audible on all sides, but there were some who thought the Russians had set the ship on fire, or that incendiaries and malcontents were at work, and one gentleman even went so far as to say he "thought it was merely a signal—maybe to recall their cavalry from Eupatoria." It is not known precisely how the thing was done. Some say it was done by the French—others, by ourselves; and bombs, red-hot shot, and rockets have been variously named as the agency by which the fire was accomplished. In spite of the efforts of the Russians, the flames spread, and soon issued from the ports and quarter-gallery. At eight o'clock the light was so great, that the houses of the city and the forts on the one side could be discerned without difficulty. The masts stood long, and towered aloft like great pillars of fire; but one after the other they yielded; the decks fell in about ten o'clock, and at midnight the frigate was burned to the water's edge.

SEPT. 6.—Last night a steady fire was kept up all along the front, to prevent the Russians repairing damages. At ten p.m. orders were sent to our batteries to open, as soon as there was a good light, the following morning, but they were limited to 50 rounds each. At half-past five the whole of the batteries from Quarantine to Inkermann opened with a grand crash. The Russians were silent as before. The cannonade was maintained as it was yesterday. There were three breaks or lulls in the tempest; from half-past eight till ten, from twelve till five, and from half-past six to seven the fire was comparatively slack. Captain Shone, R.A., was killed yesterday in the batteries by a round shot. He was a brave and much-esteemed officer. Captain Buckley, Scots Fusilier Guards, was shot through the heart as he was posting his sentries. This gallant young officer was shot through the neck at the Alma, but did not go home. He was a most promising young officer. The firing continued as before, and the enemy seemed greatly distressed. They are strengthening their position on the Belbek, and evince a disposition to rely on the north side. However, they have large masses of men in the town. The bombardment was renewed and lasted all night.

SEPT. 7.—The cannonade was resumed at day-break, the Inkermann batteries firing briskly. A Council of Generals was held at head-quarters, the sick were cleared out of the field hospitals, and it gradually oozed out that the assault would take place on the morrow at twelve o'clock. The firing was tremendous all day; but clouds of dust, which a high wind from the north drifted into our faces, rendered a view of the place impossible.

About three o'clock a two-decker was set on fire, and burnt all night. A steamer towed other vessels near her away to the dockyard harbour, but the lines of men-of-war are still intact. Flames broke out behind the Redan in the afternoon. The bombardment was renewed at dusk. A Sardinian corps was marched up to reinforce the French. There was a heavy explosion in the town at eleven o'clock p.m. The men all take 48 hours' provisions, cooked, into the trenches with them.

SEPT. 8, 11 a.m.—All comers from Balaclava and the rear of the camp are stopped by a line of sentries. Another line of sentries in front prevents anyone going as far as Cathcart's Hill or the picket houses, except staff officers or men on duty. The fire is exceedingly heavy. The assault takes place at noon. The Fourth Division is now under arms.



PLANTING THE TRICOLOR ON THE MALAKHOFF.—"VIVE L'EMPEREUR!"—(DRAWN BY E. MORIN.)

THE THREE DAYS PRECEDING THE ASSAULT.

From the foregoing detailed account, it will be seen that the last and decisive cannonade of Sebastopol was begun on the morning of Wednesday, Sept. 5, by the French, against the Russian right, consisting of the Quarantine Batteries, the Bastion Centrale, and the Bastion du Mât, with great vigour and effect, and at night began a devastating bombardment, in which all the allied batteries joined. A frigate was fired by a French shell, and sunk at night. On the morning of the 6th, the English and French together opened the cannonade, beneath which the Russian batteries were almost broken to pieces, and which they did not dare to answer. In the evening, the bombardment was renewed and kept up all night; a fire appeared behind the Redan, and the enemy seemed by their constant signalling to be in much uneasiness. It was observed that great quantities of forage were being sent across the bridge from the north to the south side, although there were no cavalry in the latter. On the 7th, the cannonade was continued in salvoes, as before, and it was remarked that the town began to show, in a most unmistakable manner, the terrible energy of the nightly bombardment. Nearly every house within range was split and in ruins. The bridge between the north and the south side was much crowded all day with men and carts passing to and fro, and large convoys were seen entering and leaving the town at the north side. Towards evening, the head of the great dockyard shears, so long a prominent object from our batteries, caught fire, and burnt fiercely in the high wind, which was raging all day.

THE DAY OF THE ASSAULT.—POSITIONS OF THE ALLIED TROOPS.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 8.—The weather changed suddenly yesterday. This morning it became bitterly cold. A biting wind right from the north side of Sebastopol blew intolerable clouds of harsh dust into our faces. The sun was obscured; the sky was of a leaden wintry gray. Early in the morning a strong force of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Hodge, was moved up to the front and formed a chain of sentries in front of Cathcart's hill and all along our lines. No person was allowed to pass this line, unless he was a staff officer or was provided with a pass. Another line of sentries in the rear of them was intended to stop stragglers and idlers from Balachava, and the object in view was probably to prevent the Russians gathering any intimation of our attack from the unusual accumulation of people on the look-out hills. At 11.30 the Highland Brigade, under Brigadier Cameron, marched up from Kamara and took up its position in reserve at the Right Attack, and the Guards, also in reserve, were posted on the same side of the Woronzow-road. The first brigade of the Fourth Division served the trenches of the Left Attack the night before, and remained in them. The second brigade of the Fourth Division was in reserve. The Guards, who served the trenches of the Left Attack, and only marched out that morning, were turned out again after arriving at their camp. The Third Division, massed on the hill side before their camp, were also in reserve, in readiness to move down by the Left Attack in case their services were required. General Pelissier during the night collected about 30,000 men in and about the Mamelon, to form the storming columns for the Malakhoff and Little Redan, and to provide necessary reserves. The French were reinforced by 5,000 Sardinians, who marched up from the Tchernaya last night. It was arranged that the French were to attack the Malakhoff at noon, and, as soon as their attack began, that we were to assault the Redan. At the same time a strong column of French was to make a diversion on the left, and menace the line of the Bastion du Mât, but it was not intended to operate seriously against this part of the town, the possession of which, in a military point of view, would be of minor importance. The cavalry sentries were posted at 8.30. At 10.30 the Second Division and the Light Division moved down to the trenches, and were placed in the advanced parallels as quietly and unostentatiously as possible.

GENERAL SIMPSON AND OTHER NOTABILITIES.

Somewhere about an hour before noon, General Simpson and his staff moved down to the second parallel of the Green-hill Battery. Sir Harry Jones, too ill to move hand or foot, nevertheless insisted on being carried down to witness the assault, and was borne to the parallel on a litter, in which he remained till all was over. The Commander-in-Chief, General Simpson, sat in the trench, with his nose and eyes just facing the cold and dust, and his cloak drawn up over his head to protect him against both. General Jones wore a red nightcap, and reclined on his litter, and Sir Richard Airey, the Quartermaster-General, had a white pocket-handkerchief tied over his cap and ears, which detracted somewhat from a martial and belligerent aspect. The Duke of Newcastle was stationed at Cathcart's Hill in the early part of the day, and afterwards moved off to the right, to the Picket house look-out over the Woronzow Road. All the amateurs and travelling gentlemen—who rather abound here just now, were in a great state of excitement, and dotted the plain in eccentric attire, which recalled one's old memories of Cowes, and yachting, and sea-bathing—were engaged in a series of subtle manoeuvres to turn the flank of unwary sentries, and to get to the front, and their success was most creditable to their enterprise and ingenuity.

THE FRENCH ATTACK ON THE MALAKHOFF.

At 10.45 General Pelissier and his staff went up to the French Observatory on his right. The French trenches were crowded with men as close as they could pack, and we could see our men through the breaks in the clouds of dust, which were most irritating, all ready in their trenches. The cannonade languished purposely towards noon; but the Russians, catching sight of the cavalry and troops in front, began to shell Cathcart's hill and the heights, and disturbed the equanimity of some of the spectators by their shells bursting with loud "thuds" right over their heads. A few minutes before 12 o'clock the French, like a swarm of bees, issued forth from their trenches close to the doomed Malakhoff, swarmed up its face, and were through the embrasures in the twinkling of an eye. They crossed the seven metres of ground which separated them from the enemy at a few bounds—they drifted as lightly and quickly as autumn leaves before the wind, battalion after battalion, into the embrasures, and in a minute or two after the head of their column issued from the ditch the tricolour was floating over the Korniloff Bastion. The musketry was very feeble at first—indeed, our allies took the Russians quite by surprise, and very few of the latter were in the Malakhoff; but they soon recovered themselves, and from 12 o'clock till past 7 in the evening the French had to meet and defeat the repeated attempts of the enemy to regain the work and the Little Redan, when, weary of the fearful slaughter of his men, who lay in thousands over the exterior of the works, the Muscovite General, despairing of success, withdrew his exhausted legions, and prepared, with admirable skill, to evacuate the place. Of the French attack on the left nothing is known, but that, if intended in earnest, it was not successful, and was followed by some loss to our Allies. As soon as the tricolour was observed waving over the parapet of the Malakhoff through the smoke and dust, four rockets were sent up from Chapman's attack one after another as a signal for our assault on the Redan. They were almost borne back by the violence of the wind, and the silvery jets of sparks they threw out on exploding were nearly invisible against the raw gray sky.

TROOPS ENGAGED IN THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN.

When the order was received on the 7th, the general remark was, "This looks like another 18th of June." In fact, the attacking columns were not strong enough, the supports were not strong enough, and were also too far behind, and the trenches did not afford room for a sufficient number of men. Now, it will be observed that, where we attacked the Redan with two divisions only, a portion of each being virtually in reserve, and not engaged in the affair at all, the French made their assault on the Malakhoff with four divisions of the second corps d'armée, the first and fourth divisions forming the storming columns, and the third and fifth being the support with reserves of 10,000 men. The French had probably not less than 30,000 men in the right attack on the 7th of September. The divisional orders for the 2nd Division were very much the same as those for the Light Division. The covering party consisted of 100 men of the 3rd Buffs, under Captain John Lewes, who highly distinguished himself, and 100 men of the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, I believe under the command of poor Captain Hammond. The scaling-ladder party consisted of 160 of the 3rd Buffs, under Captain Maude, whose gallantry was very conspicuous throughout the affair, in addition to the 160 of the 97th, under the gallant and lamented Welsford. The part of the force of the Second Division consisted of 260 of the 3rd Buffs, 300 of

the 41st (Welsh), 200 of the 62nd, and a working party of 100 men of the 41st. The rest of Windham's Brigade, consisting of the 47th and 49th, were in reserve, together with Warren's Brigade of the same division, of which the 30th and 55th were called into action, and suffered severely. Brigadier Shirley was on board ship; but, as soon as he heard of the assault, he resolved to join his brigade, and he accordingly came up to camp that very morning. Colonel Unett, of the 19th Regiment, was the senior officer in Brigadier Shirley's absence, and on him would have devolved the duty of leading the storming column of the Light Division, had the latter not returned. Colonel Unett, ignorant of the Brigadier's intention to leave ship-board, had to decide with Colonel Windham who should take precedence in the attack. They tossed, and Colonel Unett won. He had it in his power to say whether he would go first or follow Colonel Windham. He looked at the shilling, turned it over, and said, "My choice is made; I'll be the first man into the Redan." But fate willed it otherwise, and he was struck down badly wounded ere yet he reached the abattis, although he was not leading the column.

THE ENGLISH ATTACK ON THE REDAN.

It was a few minutes after twelve when our men left the fifth parallel. The musketry commenced at once, and in less than five minutes, during which the troops had to pass over about thirty yards from the nearest approach to the parapet of the Redan, they had lost a large proportion of their officers, and were deprived of the aid of their leaders, with some few exceptions. The Riflemen advanced admirably, but from their position they could not do much to reduce the fire of the guns on the flanks and below the re-entering angles. The bravery and coolness of that experienced, deserving, and much-neglected officer, Captain Fyers, were never more brilliantly displayed, or urgently called for.

As they came nearer the enemy's fire became less fatal. They crossed the abattis without difficulty; it was torn to pieces and destroyed by our shot, and the men stepped over and through it with ease. The light division made straight for the salient and projecting angle of the Redan, and came to the ditch, which is here about fifteen feet deep. The party detached for the purpose placed the ladders, but they were found to be too short. However, had there been enough of them that would not have mattered much, but some had been left behind in the hands of dead or wounded men, and others had been broken, so that if one can credit the statements made by those who were present, there were not more than six or seven ladders at the salient. The men, led by their officers, leaped into the ditch, and scrambled up on the other side, whence they got up on the parapet almost without opposition, for the few Russians who were in front ran back and got behind their traverses and breastworks as soon as they saw our men on the top, and opened fire upon them. To show what different impressions the same object can make on different people, let me remark that one officer of rank told me the Russians in the Redan did not exceed 150 men when he got into it, and that the men could have carried the breast-work with the greatest ease if they had only made a rush for it, and he expressed an opinion that they had no field-pieces inside the breastwork. A regimental officer, on the other hand, positively assured me that when he got on top of the parapet of the salient he saw at about a hundred yards in advance of him a breastwork with gaps in it, through which were run the muzzles of field pieces, and that in the rear of it were compact masses of Russian infantry, the front rank kneeling with fixed bayonets as if prepared to receive a charge of cavalry, while the two rear ranks over them kept up a sharp and destructive fire on our men. The only way to reconcile these discrepancies is to suppose that the first spoils of the earliest stage of the assault, and that the latter referred to a latter period when the Russians may have opened embrasures in the breast work, and had been reinforced by the fugitives from the Malakhoff, and by the troops behind the barracks in its rear.

THE ADVANCE OF THE LIGHT AND SECOND DIVISIONS.

When the Light Division rushed up in the front, they were swept by the guns of the Barrack Battery and by several pieces on the proper right of the Redan, loaded heavily with grape, which caused them considerable loss ere they reached the salient or apex of the work at which they were to assault. The storming columns of the Second Division issuing out of the fifth parallel, rushed up immediately after the Light Division, but when they came up close to the apex Brigadier Windham very judiciously brought them by a slight detour on the right flank of the Light Division, so as to come a little down on the slope of the proper left face of the Redan. The first embrasure to which they came was in flames, but, moving on to the next, the men leaped into the ditch, and, with the aid of ladders and of each other's hands, scrambled up on the other side, climbed the parapet, or poured in through the embrasure which was undefended. Colonel Windham was the first or one of the very first men in on this side, and with him entered Daniel Mahoney, a great grenadier of the 41st, Killeany and Cornelius of the same regiment. As Mahoney entered with a cheer, he was shot through the head by a Russian rifle-man and fell dead across Colonel Windham, and at the same moment Killeany and Cornelius were both wounded. The latter claims the reward of £5 offered by Colonel Herbert to the first man of his division who entered the Redan.

THE WORKS INSIDE THE REDAN.

Running parallel to the faces of the Redan, there is an inner parapet intended to shield the gunners at the embrasures from the effects of any shell which might fall into the body of the work, and strike them down if this high bank were not there to protect them from the splinters. Several cuts in the rear of the embrasures permitted the men to retire in case of need inside, and very strong and high traverses ran all along the sides of the work itself to afford them additional shelter. At the base of the Redan, before the re-entering angles, is a breastwork, or rather a parapet, with an irregular curve, up to a man's neck, which runs in front of the body of the place. As our men entered through the embrasures, the few Russians who were between the salient and this breastwork, retreated behind the latter, and got from the traverses to its protection. From it they poured in a quick fire on the parapet of the salient, which was crowded by the men of the Light Division, and on the gaps through the inner parapet of the Redan, and our men, with an infatuation which all officers deplore, but cannot always remedy on such occasions, began to return the fire of the enemy without advancing or crossing behind the traverses, loaded and fired as quickly as they could, but did but little execution, as the Russians were well covered by the breastwork. There were also groups of Russian riflemen behind the lower traverses near the base of the Redan, who kept up a galling fire on our men. As the alarm of an assault was spread, the enemy came rushing up from the barracks in rear of the Redan, and increased the force and intensity of their fire, while our soldiers dropped fast, and encouraged the Russians by their immobility and the weakness of their fusillade, from which the enemy were well protected.

FAILURE APPEARS INEVITABLE.

Notwithstanding the popular prejudice to the contrary, most men stand fire much better than closing with an enemy. It is difficult enough sometimes to get cavalry to charge if they can find any decent excuse to lay by their swords and take to pistol and carbine, with which they are content to pop away for ever, but when cover of any kind is near at hand a trench-bred infantry man finds the charms of the cartridge quite irresistible. The small party of the 90th, much diminished, went on gallantly towards the breastwork, but they were too weak to force it, and they had to retire and get behind the traverses, where men of different regiments had already congregated, and were keeping up a brisk fire on the Russians, whose heads were just visible above the breast-work. Simultaneously with the head of the storming party of the Light Division, Colonel Windham had got inside the Redan on their right, below the salient on the proper left face of the Redan, but in spite of all his exertions, could do little more than the gallant officers of the 90th and 97th, and of the supporting regiments.

In vain the officers, by voice and act, by example and daring, tried to urge our soldiers on. They had an impression that the Redan was all mined, and that if they advanced they would all be blown up, but many of them acted as became the men of Alma and Inkermann, and, rushing to the front, were swept down by the enemy's fire. The officers fell on all sides, singled out for the enemy's fire by their courage. The men of the different

regiments became mingled together in inextricable confusion. The 15th men did not care for the orders of the officers of the 88th, nor did the officers of the 23rd heed the commands of an officer who did not belong to their regiment. The officers could not find their men—the men had lost sight of their own officers. All the Brigadiers, save Colonel Windham, were wounded or rendered unfit for the guidance of the attack. That gallant officer did all that man could do to form his men for the attack, and to lead them against the enemy. Proceeding from traverse to traverse, he coaxed the men to come out, and succeeded several times in forming a few of them, but they melted away as fast he laid hold of them, and either fell in their little ranks or retired to cover to keep up their fusillade. Many of them crowded to lower parts of the inner parapets, and kept up a smart fire on the enemy, but nothing would induce them to come out into the open space and charge the breastwork.

THE SCENE AT THE SALIENT.

This was all going on at the proper left face of the Redan, while nearly the same scene was being repeated at the salient. Every moment our men were diminishing in numbers, while the Russians came up in swarms from the town, and rushed down from the Malakhoff, which had now been occupied by the French. Thrice did Colonel Windham send officers to Sir W. Codrington, who was in the fifth parallel, begging of him to send up supports in some order of formation; but all these three officers were wounded as they passed from the ditch of the Redan to the rear. Supports were, indeed, sent up, but they came up in disorder from the fire to which they were exposed on their way, and arrived in dribbles only to increase the confusion and the carnage. Finding that he could not collect any men on the left face, Colonel Windham passed through one of the cuts of the inner parapet and walked over to the right face at the distance of 30 yards from the Russian breastwork, to which he moved in a parallel line, exposed to a close fire, but, wonderful to say, without being touched. When he got behind the inner parapet at the right face he found the same state of things as that which existed at the left. The men were behind the traverses, firing away at the Russians or blazing at them from the broken parts of the front, and the soldiers who came down from the salient in front only got behind these works for cover while they loaded and fired at the enemy. The Colonel got some riflemen and a few men of the 88th together, but no sooner had he brought them out than they were killed, wounded, or dispersed by a concentrated fire. The narrow neck of the salient was too close to allow of any kind of formation, and the more the men crowded into it the more they got out of order, and the more they suffered from the enemy's fire. This miserable work lasted for an hour.

REINFORCEMENTS WANTED.

The Russians were now in dense masses behind the breastwork, and Colonel Windham walked back again across the open space to the left to retrieve the day. The men on the parapet of the salient, who were firing at the Russians, sent their shot about him, and the latter, who were pouring volley after volley on all points of the head of the work, likewise directed their muskets against him, but he passed through this cross fire in safety, and got within the inner parapet on the left, where the men were becoming thinner and thinner. A Russian officer now stepped over the breastwork, and tore down a gabion with his own hands; it was to make room for a field piece. Colonel Windham exclaimed to several soldiers who were firing over the parapet, "Well, as you are so fond of firing, why don't you shoot that Russian?" They fired a volley and missed him, and soon afterwards the field-piece began to play on the head of the salient with grape. Colonel Windham saw there was no time to be lost. He had sent three officers for reinforcements, and, above all, form en in formation, and he now resolved to go to General Codrington himself. Seeing Captain Crealock, of the 90th, near him busy in encouraging his men, and exerting himself with great courage and energy to get them in order, he said, "I must go to the General for supports. Now mind, let it be known, in case I am killed, why I went away." He crossed the parapet and ditch, and succeeded in gaining the fifth parallel through a storm of grape and rifle bullets in safety.

THE FINAL STRUGGLE.

Colonel Windham, on reaching Sir W. Codrington, was asked if he thought he really could do anything with such supports as could be afforded; said he might take the Royals, who were then in the parallel. "Let the officers come out in front—let us advance in order, and if the men keep the formation, the Redan is ours," was the Colonel's reply; but he spoke too late—for at the very moment our men were seen leaping down into the ditch, or running down the parapet of the salient, and through the embrasures out of the work into the ditch, while the Russians followed them with the bayonet and with heavy musketry, and even threw stones and grapeshot at them as they lay in the ditch. The fact was that the Russians had accumulated several thousands of men behind the breastwork, and seeing our men all scattered up and confused behind the inner parapet of the traverse, crossed the breastwork, through which several field pieces were now playing with grape on the inner face of the Redan, and charged our broken groups with the bayonet, at the same time that the rear ranks, getting on the breastwork, poured a heavy hail of bullets on them over the heads of the advancing column. The struggle that took place was short, desperate, and bloody. Our soldiers, taken at every disadvantage, met the enemy with the bayonet, too, and isolated combats took place, in which the brave fellows who stood their ground had to defend themselves against three or four adversaries at once. In this *melee* the officers, armed only with their swords, had little chance; nor had those who carried pistols much opportunity of using them in such a rapid contest. They fell like heroes, and many a gallant soldier with them. As though some giant rock had advanced into the sea and forced back the waters that buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which fretted their edge with fire and steel, and contended in vain against their weight. The struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on, crushing friend and foe beneath their solid tramp; and bleeding, panting, and exhausted, our men lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stones and in bomb-craters in the slope of the work, or tried to pass back to our advanced parallel and sap, and had to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire. Many of them lost their lives, or were seriously wounded in this attempt. The scene in the ditch was appalling, although some of the officers have assured me that they and the men were laughing at the precipitation with which many brave and gallant fellows did not hesitate from plunging headlong upon the mass of bayonets, muskets, and sprawling soldiers—the ladders were all knocked down or broken, so that it was difficult for the men to get up at the other side, and the dead, the dying, the wounded, and the sound were all lying in heaps together. The Russians came out of the embrasures, plied them with stones, grape-shot, and the bayonet, but were soon forced to retire by the fire of our batteries and riflemen, and under cover of this fire many of our men escaped to the approaches. In some instances the enemy persisted in remaining outside, in order to plunder the bodies of those who were lying on the slope of the parapet, and paid the penalty of their rashness in being stretched beside their foes; but others came forth on a holier errand, and actually brought water to our wounded. If this last act be true, it is but right to discredit the story that the Russians placed our wounded over the magazine in the rear of the Redan, near the Barrack Battery, ere they fired it.

OFFICERS WOUNDED IN THE ATTACK.

Scarcely had the men left the fifth parallel when the guns on the flank of the Redan opened on them as they moved up rapidly to the salient, in which there were, of course, no cannon. In a few seconds Brigadier Shirley was temporarily blinded by the dust and by earth knocked into his eyes by a shot. He was obliged to retire, and his place was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury, of the 23rd Regiment, who was next in rank to Colonel Unett, already struck down and carried to the rear. Brigadier Van Straubenzee received a contusion on the face, and was also forced to leave the field. Colonel Handcock fell mortally wounded in the head by a bullet, and never spoke again. Captain Hammond fell dead. Major Welsford was killed on the spot. Captain Grove was severely wounded. Many officers and men were hit and fell; and, of the commanders of parties, only acting Brigadier-General Windham, Captain Fyers, Captain Lewes, and Captain Maude, got untouched into the Redan, and escaped scatheless from the

volleys of grape and rifle balls which swept the flanks of the work towards the salient.

THE ATTACK FINALLY ABANDONED.

General Pelissier observed the failure of our attack from the rear of the Malakhoff, and sent over to General Simpson to ask if he intended to attack again. The English Commander-in-Chief is reported to have replied that he did not then feel in a condition to do so. All this time the Guards and Highlanders, the Third and Fourth Divisions, and most of the reserves, were untouched. They could indeed have furnished materials for another assault, but the subsequent movements of the Russians rendered it doubtful whether the glory of carrying the Redan, and redeeming the credit of our arms, would not have been dearly purchased by the effusion of more valuable blood. As soon as we abandoned the assault the firing almost ceased along our front, but in the rear of the Malakhoff there was a fierce contest going on between masses of Russians, now released from the Redan, or drawn from the town, and the French inside the work; and the fight for the Little Redan, on the proper left of the Malakhoff, was raging furiously. Clouds of smoke and dust covered the scene, but the battle of musketry was incessant, and betokened the severe nature of the struggle below. Through the breaks in the smoke there could be seen now and then a tricolour, surmounted by an eagle, fluttering bravely over the inner parapet of the Malakhoff. The storm of battle rolled fiercely round it, and beat against it; but it was sustained by strong arms and stout hearts, and all the assaults of the enemy were directed in vain against it. We could see, too, our noble Allies swarming over into the Malakhoff from their splendid approaches to it from the Mamelon, or rushing with swift steps towards the right, where the Russians, continually reinforced, sought in vain to beat back their foes and to regain the key of their position. The struggle was full of interest to us all, but its issue was never doubted. It would be untrue to say that the result of our assault was not the source of deep grief and mortification to us, which all the glorious successes of our Allies could not wholly alleviate. Even those who thought any attack on the Redan useless and unwise, inasmuch as the possession of the Malakhoff would in their opinion, render the Redan untenable, could not but regret bitterly that, as we had given the assault, we had not achieved a decisive triumph, and that so much blood had been, if not ingloriously, at least fruitlessly, poured forth.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Our attack lasted about an hour and three-quarters, and in that time we lost more men than at Inkermann, where the fighting lasted for seven hours. At 1.48 p.m., which was about the time we retired, there was an explosion either of a tumbrel or of a fougasse between the Mamelon and the Malakhoff, to the right, which seemed to blow up several Frenchmen, and soon afterwards the artillery of the Imperial Guard swept across from the rear towards the Little Redan, and gave us an indication that our Allies had gained a position from which they could operate against the enemy with their field pieces.

At 1 o'clock wounded men began to crawl up from the batteries to the camp; they could tell us little or nothing. "Were we in the Redan?" "Oh, yes; but a lot of them was killed, and the Russians were mighty strong." Some were cheery, others desponding; all proud of their wounds.

No one can doubt that the assault by the Third and Fourth Divisions would have been quite successful had it been necessary. General Simpson remained in the Green-hill Battery till 6 o'clock, at which hour General Pelissier sent to inform him that the Malakhoff was quite safe, and to ask him what the English intended to do with respect to the Redan. Gen. Simpson had by this time arrived at the determination of attacking it the following morning at five o'clock with the Third and Fourth Divisions. The difficulty of getting accurate information of the progress of an action cannot be better exemplified than by this fact, that at 3 o'clock a General of Division did not know whether we had taken the Redan or not. Towards dusk the Guards who had been placed in reserve behind our Right Attack were marched off to their camp, and a portion of the Highlanders were likewise taken off the ground. The Guards only arrived from the trenches this morning, but, to their great credit be it said, they turned out again without a murmur after a rest of a couple of hours for breakfast, although they had been "on" for 48 hours previously. The Third Division and a portion of the Highlanders were sent down to do the trench duties in the evening and night.

From the following statement of the loss in the Light Division, it will be seen that this gallant body, which behaved so well at the Alma, and maintained its reputation at Inkermann, suffered as severely as it did in gaining the former great victory, and an examination of the return, which is tolerably correct, and is certainly rather under the mark, will, I fear, show that the winter, the trenches, and careless recruiting have done their work, and that the officers furnished a noble example of devotion and gallantry, which their men did not imitate. In the Light Division there are 73 officers and 264 men wounded—total, 1,037.

The loss of this division was 1,001 in killed and wounded at the Alma. This Redan has cost us more lives than the capture of Badajoz, not to speak of those who have fallen in the trenches and approaches to it, and although the enemy evacuated it, we can scarcely claim the credit of having caused them such loss that they retired owing to their dread of a renewed assault. On the contrary, we must, in fairness, admit that the Russians maintained their grip of the place till the French were fairly established in the Malakhoff, and the key of the position was torn from their grasp.

THE CONFLAGRATION OF THE TOWN.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 9.—At 8 o'clock last night the Russians began quietly to withdraw from the town, in the principal houses of which they had previously stored up combustibles in order to render Sebastopol a second Moscow. With great art the general kept up a fire of musketry from his advanced posts, as though he intended to renew the attempts to regain the Malakhoff. Ere 2 o'clock this morning the fleet had been scuttled and sunk, with the exception of the steamers. About 12.30 the men of the 2nd Division on duty in the trenches observed a preternatural silence in the Redan, and some volunteers crept up into it. Nothing could they hear but the heavy breathing and groans of the wounded and dying, who, with the dead, were the sole occupants of the place. As the Redan was known to be mined, the men were withdrawn, and soon afterwards the Russian tactics began to develop themselves. About 2 o'clock flames were observed to break out in different parts of the town. They spread gradually all over the principal buildings. At 4 o'clock a stupendous explosion behind the Redan shook the whole camp; it was followed by four other explosions equally startling. The city was enveloped in fire and smoke, and torn asunder with the tremendous shocks of these volcanoes. At 4.45 the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up. At 5.30 two of the southern forts went up into the air, and the effect of these explosions was immensely increased by the rush of a great number of live shells into the air, which exploded in all directions.

All this time a steady current of infantry was passing in unbroken masses to the north side over the bridge, and at 6.45 the last battalions passed over, and the hill sides opposite were alive with their masses. Several small explosions took place inside the town at 7.10. Columns of black smoke began to rise from the neighbourhood of Fort Paul at 7.12. At 7.15 the connection of the floating-bridge with the south side was severed. At 7.16 flames began to ascend from Fort Nicholas. At 8.7 the bridge was floated off in portions to the north side. At 9 o'clock several violent explosions took place in the works on our left, opposite the French. The town was by this time in a mass of flames, and the pillar of black, gray, and velvety fat smoke from it seemed to support the very heavens. The French kept up firing guns on the left, probably to keep out stragglers, but ere the Russians left the place the Zouaves and sailors were in it, and engaged busily in plundering. Not a shot was fired to the front and centre. The *Vladimir* and *Grossomonts* were very busy towing boats and stores across. Cavalry and sentries were sent up to prevent any one going into the town, but without much success. I visited a good portion of the place. Explosions occurred all through the day. The plunder was enormous.

SEPT. 10, 2 O'CLOCK A.M.—The town is still burning and in ruins. It is in possession of the French. The following order has been issued on the subject—"Five officers and several men injured by explosions to-day."

For the last hour an exceedingly violent storm has been raging over the

camp. The wind is from the southward and eastward, and blows with such fury as to make the hut in which this letter is written, rock to and fro, and to fill it with fine dust which flies in through every crevice. The Russians are very busy with their signals over the Tchernaya. The fires in Sebastopol, fanned by the wind, are spreading fast, and the glare of the burning city illuminates the whole arch of the sky towards north-west.

9.45 A.M.—There is a tornado passing over the camp once more—hail, storm, and rain. The ground is a mass of mud.

The disappointment of the many persons who wished to spend a quiet snug day in Sebastopol is diminished by the knowledge that there is a positive order against going into the town, and that General Pelissier has declared his sentries will shoot any persons who may be found in the streets in disobedience of that injunction. Passes will be issued from the Adjutant-General's department, without which all persons will be stopped at the entrances to the works. The rain and hail quenched the fire, which the wind had previously fanned to exceeding fierceness, so that there was little left for the flames to devour. Sebastopol is now a mass of white ruins, streaked and barred with black smoke.

MARSHAL PELISSIER'S DESPATCH.

Head Quarters at Sebastopol, September 11.

M. LE MARÉCHAL—I shall have the honour to send you by the next courier a detailed report on the attack which has placed Sebastopol in our power. To-day I can only give you a rapid sketch of the principal achievement of this great event of the war.

Since the 16th of August, the day of the battle of the Tchernaya, and notwithstanding repeated warnings of a new and more formidable attack by the enemy against the positions which we occupy on this river, every preparation was made to deliver a decisive assault against Sebastopol itself. The artillery of the right attack commenced on the 17th of August a well sustained fire against the Malakhoff, the Little Redan, the neighbouring defences, and the roads, in order to permit our engineers to establish defences close to the place, from which the troops might be able instantly to throw themselves upon the *enceinte*. Our engineers besides prepared materials for escalade, and on the 5th of Sept. all our batteries of the left opened a very violent fire against the town. The English on their side kept up a hot cannonade against the Great Redan and its redoubt, which they were to attack.

All being ready, I resolved, in concert with General Simpson, to give the assault on the 8th of Sept., at the hour of noon.

General M'Mahon's Division was to carry the works of the Malakhoff; General Dulac's Division was to attack the Little Redan; and in the centre the Division of General La Motterouge was to march against the curtain connecting these two extreme points. Besides these troops, I had given to General Bosquet General Mellinet's division of the Guards, to support the first three divisions. Thus far for the right.

In the centre the English were to attack the Great Redan, escalading it at its salient.

On the left the 1st Corps, to which General Della Marmora had wished to join a Sardinian brigade, having at its head General Levaillant's division, was to penetrate into the interior of the town by the Central Bastion, and afterwards turn the Flagstaff Bastion in order to establish a lodgment there likewise.

General de Salles had instructions not to pursue his attack further than circumstances might render it advisable.

Further, the fleets of Admirals Lyons and Bruat were to operate a powerful diversion by firing against the Quarantine, the Roadstead, and the sea front of the fortress; but the state of the sea, agitated by a violent north-west wind, was such that neither the line-of-battle ships nor the frigates were able to quit their anchorage. The English and French mortar-boats, however, were able to go into action. Their fire was of remarkable excellence, and they rendered us great assistance. At noon exactly, the divisions of Generals M'Mahon, La Motterouge, and Dulac, electrified by their chiefs, sprang to the Malakhoff, the Curtain, and the Little Redan of the Carénage. After unexampled difficulties, and a most exciting foot-to-foot combat, General M'Mahon's division succeeded in effecting a lodgment in the anterior part of the Malakhoff. The enemy showered down a storm of projectiles of all kinds upon our brave troops. The Redan of the Carénage, especially battered by the *maison en croix* and the steamers, it was necessary to evacuate after its occupation; but the division of General La Motterouge made its ground good on one part of the curtain, and that of General M'Mahon gained ground in the Malakhoff, where General Bosquet sent continually the reserves which I sent forward to him. The other attacks were subordinated to that of the Malakhoff, that being the capital point of the defences of the whole place.

Standing in the Brancion Redoubt (on the Mamelon), I considered that the Malakhoff was safely in our power, and I gave the signal which had been agreed upon with General Simpson.

The English immediately advanced bravely against the salient of the Great Redan. They were able to effect a lodgment in it, and struggled a considerable time to maintain their position, but, crushed by the Russian reserves, which advanced incessantly, and by a violent fire of artillery, they were forced to return into their parallel.

At the same moment General de Salles had directed an attack against the Central Bastion. The Levaillant Division had begun to establish itself in it, as well as in the Right Lunette; a tremendous fire of grape was succeeded by the arrival of Russian reinforcements so considerable in number, that our troops, already decimated by the fire of the enemy, and whose chiefs had been disabled, were compelled to fall back on the place whence they had sallied.

Convinced that the fall of the Malakhoff would be decisive of success, I prevented the renewal of any attacks on other points, which, by compelling the hostile army to remain on all its points, had already attained their main object. I then directed my sole attention to the retaining possession of the Malakhoff, which General M'Mahon had been previously enabled completely to obtain. Besides, a great and critical moment was impending.

General Bosquet had just been struck by the bursting of a shell, and his command I gave to General Dulac. A powder magazine near the Malakhoff exploded at this moment, from which contingency I anticipated the most serious results.

The Russians, hoping to profit by this accident, immediately advanced in dense masses, and, disposed in three columns, simultaneously attacked the centre, the left, and the right of the Malakhoff. But measures of defence had already been taken in the interior of the fortress; for which purpose General M'Mahon opposed to the enemy bodies of undaunted troops, whom nothing could intimidate; and after the most desperate efforts the Russians were compelled to make a precipitate retreat. From that moment the discomfited enemy appears to have renounced all idea of further attack. The Malakhoff was ours, and no effort of the enemy could wrest it from us. It was half-past four o'clock.

Measures were immediately taken for enabling us to repulse the enemy, in case he should attempt against us a nocturnal attack. But we were soon released from our uncertainty. As soon as it became night, fires burst forth on every side, mines exploded, magazines of gunpowder exploded in the air. The sight of Sebastopol in flames, which the whole army contemplated, was one of the most awe-inspiring and sinister pictures that the history of wars can have presented. The enemy was making a complete evacuation; it was effected during the night by means of a bridge constructed between the two shores of the roadstead, and under cover of the successive explosions that prevented me from approaching and harassing him. On the morning of the 11th, the whole southern side of the town was freed, and in our power.

I have no need of enhancing in the eyes of your Excellency the importance of so great a success. Neither will it be necessary for me to speak of this brave army, whose warlike virtues and devotion are so thoroughly appreciated by our Emperor; and I shall have, great as the number is, to name to you those who have distinguished themselves among so many valiant soldiers. I cannot yet do so, but I shall fulfil this duty in one of my next despatches.

Deign to accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, the expression of my respectful devotion.—The General-in-Chief,

PELISSIER.

GENERAL NIEL'S DESPATCH.

SEBASTOPOL, SEPT. 11.

Monsieur le Maréchal.—The place of Sebastopol was stormed on the 8th of September. That assault has rendered us masters of the Malakhoff work, the occupation of which renders the defence of the suburb almost impossible, and enables us to cut off the communications of the town with the north part of the roadstead. After rallying several times, and resuming the offensive with a courage to which we are bound to do homage, the enemy, seeing that his uttermost efforts remained fruitless, he began in the evening to evacuate the town; during the night he set it on fire, and he employed his powder in destroying with his own hands the defensive works and the great establishments which Russia had been accumulating for so many years in this fortress. He has sunk all his ships, frigates, and other sailing vessels, preserving only the steamers; lastly, he broke up and pulled after him the bridge of boats by which he communicated with the forts of the north side, abandoning to us in this way the town, suburb, and everything else on the south side of the roadstead.

The defence was energetic: on several points our attacks were repulsed; but the chief attack, that which ensured our success, was not doubtful for an instant. The 1st division of the 1st corps, commanded at present by General M'Mahon, carried at the first onset the Malakhoff work, and there maintained itself heroically, understanding that it held in its hands the keys of the place.

I am going to give you an account of the dispositions that had been taken for diminishing as much as possible the numerous difficulties attending this terrible assault, made, not on a place invested, on a limited garrison, but on a vast fortress, defended by an army equally numerous, perhaps, as that which attacked it.

In the attacks directed against the town, our approaches had been carried to within forty metres of the Central Bastion and thirty metres of the Flagstaff Bastion. At the attacks of the Karabelnaia suburb, the English, impeded by the difficulties of the ground and by the fire of the enemy's artillery, had only been able to advance their approaches to about 200 metres from the salient of the Great Redan.

Before the front of the Malakhoff we had arrived to within 25 metres of the *enceinte* which surrounds the tower, and had carried our approaches to the same distance of the Little Redan of the Carénage. This important result was due to the incontestable superiority of our artillery over that of the enemy.

The generals-in-chief of the allied armies had made the following arrangements:—

The general attack of the place was fixed for the 8th of September, at noon. On the morning of the 5th, the artillery of the attacks against the town, and that of the English attacks, who until then had husbanded their fire, were to resume it with great energy.

Such a cannonade was never heard. We had mounted in our two attacks more than 500 cannons. The English had about 200, and the Russians more than we. The fire of the enemy damaged our trenches, but did us little harm. Ours, notwithstanding the great extent of the place, converged on it, and must have caused immense loss to the Russian army. During the last days which preceded the assault, our infantry fatigue parties were principally employed in enlarging the most advanced *place d'armes* and the defiles, and in carrying to the spot the means of crossing the ditches.

The aim of all our efforts was the capture of the work constructed behind the Malakhoff Tower. This work (called the Korniloff Redoubt by the Russians), which is an immense redoubt, a kind of citadel of earth, occupies a mamelon which commands all the interior of the Karabelnaia suburb, takes the Redan attacked by the English *de revers*, and is only 1,200 metres from the south port, on which the Russians had constructed a bridge of rafts, now their only communication between the suburb and the town. The Malakhoff Fort is 350 metres by 150 metres in dimensions. The parapets have more than 6 metres of relief above the soil, and in front of them is a ditch, which before our attacks was six metres in depth and seven in width. It was armed with 62 guns of various calibres. In the front part, enclosed by the parapet, is the Malakhoff Tower, of which the Russians have only preserved the *rez de chaussée*, which is crenellated. In the interior of the work the Russians had raised a vast number of traverses under which were excellent blindages, where the garrison found shelter, and had beds arranged on each side in two rows, one above the other. A Russian officer of engineers, who was made prisoner, states that the garrison of this part of the Malakhoff, which I have just described in order that you may judge of the difficulties which our soldiers had to surmount, consisted of not less than 2,500 men.

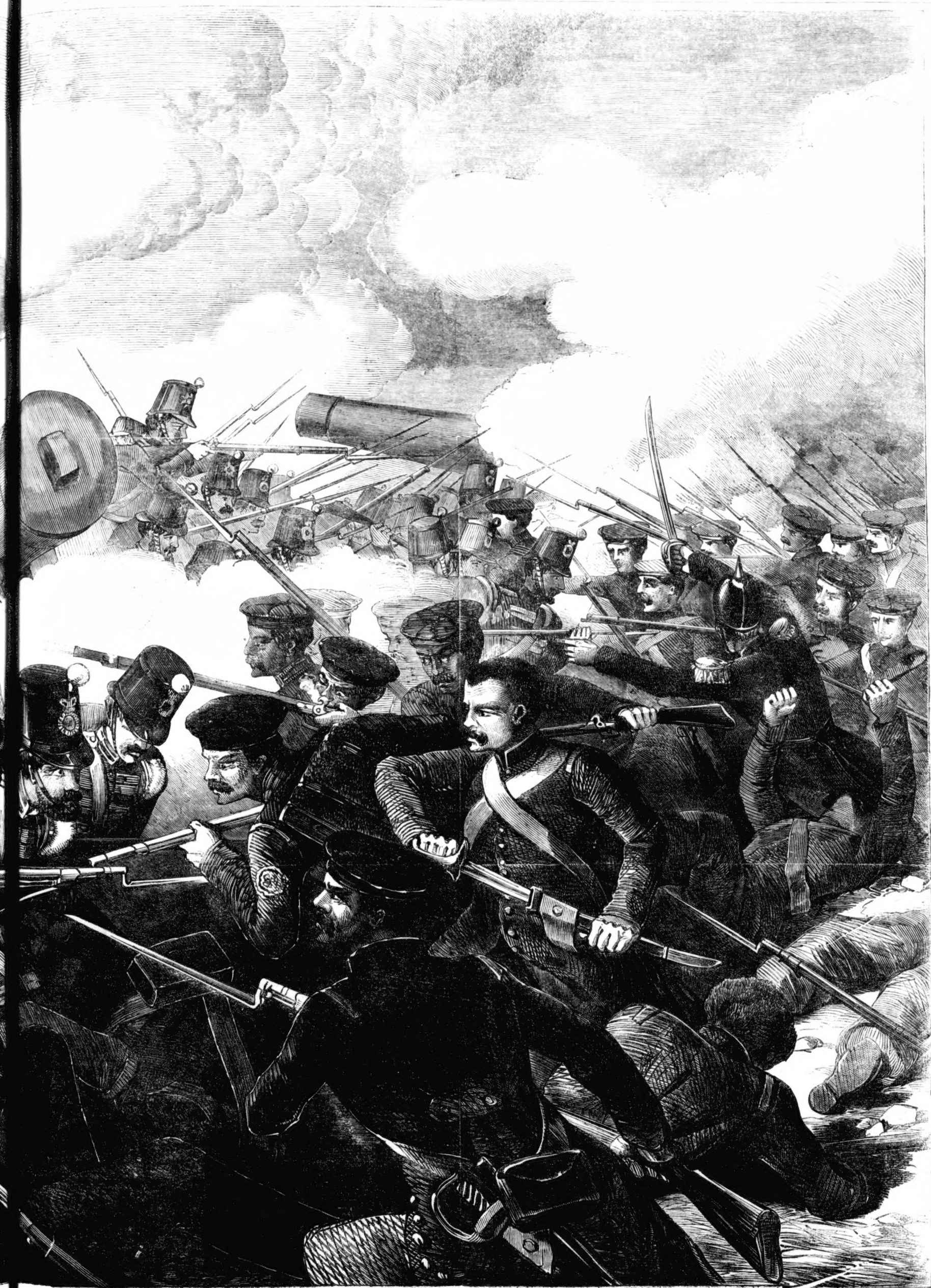
The Malakhoff front, which is a thousand metres in length, is bounded on our left by Fort Malakhoff, and on our right by the Little Redan. This last work, which, at the commencement of the siege, was only a simple redan, was transformed little by little into a redoubt, closed at the gorge and heavily armed. The exterior fronts of the two redoubts of the Malakhoff and the Carénage were connected by a curtain armed with 16 cannons; and behind the *enceinte* the Russians had raised a second, which connected the fronts of the gorges of the two redoubts. This second *enceinte*, armed in part, had not, however, a ditch presenting a serious obstacle.

The rocky nature of the soil had hindered the enemy from excavating everywhere equally the ditch of the first curtain and of the Little Redan, and on several points the troops were able to pass it without very much difficulty. For passing the ditches, which had a considerable depth, we had contrived a system of bridges, which could be thrown in less than a minute by an ingenious manoeuvre, to which our sappers and soldiers *d'élite* had been trained.

The French artillery was so superior to that of the Russians that it had extinguished the fire of nearly all the guns pointed directly at our attacks. The filled-up embrasures relieved us from the fear that our columns might be assailed by grape as they issued from the trenches. The parapets were destroyed, and a part of the earth had rolled into the ditch. Finally the Malakhoff Fort had been assailed by so large a number of shells, thrown from our batteries and those of the English, that the guns which did not look directly upon our attacks had their embrasures also filled up, and everywhere the *terrassements* had lost their original form. But, behind the defences situated in the first line the Russians had preserved a large number of pieces, which we could not *contre-battre* completely, and the columns which proceeded to attack the Malakhoff were exposed to the fire of numerous batteries which the Russians had raised to the north of the roadstead, and which, though fired from a great distance, were nevertheless dangerous.

You are aware that ever since my arrival before Sebastopol I was decidedly of opinion that the true point of attack was the tower or mamelon of Malakhoff, and that this opinion, having been adopted by General Canrobert, those attacks of the right were undertaken, which were executed by the 2nd corps. From the side of the town we had been content to extend towards the left





GREAT REDAN.—(DRAWN BY E. T. DOLBY.)

the approaches executed by the 1st corps. Taking things at the point where they stood when the assault was resolved on, there was no doubt that the possession of the Malakhoff Fort would lead to a decisive result; and on the other hand, it was to be presumed that if a failure took place on this point, success obtained elsewhere could not lead to great results. However, it was not proper to attack a place so extended upon one single point. It was necessary to obtain that division of the enemy's forces which resulted from the great development of the enceinte that he had to defend, and especially to make him uneasy about the town, to which the bridge led whereby he might make his retreat.

It was to satisfy these various considerations, it was to ensure success, while economising as much as possible the blood of our soldiers in the terrible struggle then preparing, that the General in Chief decided that the assault should first be made on the front of the Malakhoff; that if this attack, which would be made under his personal inspection, should succeed, then at his signal the English should attack the Redan and the first portion of the town, so as to prevent the enemy's concentrating all his efforts against the troops that should have already taken possession of the Malakhoff Fort.

The front of the Malakhoff was to be attacked by three columns: the one on the left, commanded by General de McMahon, moving in a straight line on the Malakhoff Fort by the front that faced us, and in turning it slightly on the right hand, had for its task the taking and keeping of it, cost what it might; the right column, Dulac's division, was to march against the Redan of the Careening Bay, to occupy it, and detach a brigade on its left, in order to turn the second enclosure; lastly, the central column, being the division of La Motterouge, issuing from the sixth parallel, having a longer extent of ground to pass over, and arriving a little later, was to carry the curtain, to proceed then against the second enclosure, and send one of its brigades to the assistance of the first column, if this latter should have not yet gained possession of the Malakhoff Fort.

Such was the importance of these positions, that we could not doubt that the enemy, if he lost them, would make great efforts to retake them. In consequence, the troops of the Imperial Guard were given as a reserve to the 2nd Corps.

The chief of the Engineer Battalion Ragon, having under his orders several brigades of sappers, marching with the first column, had to throw bridges across the ditches, see after the mines, open everywhere a passage to the columns, and as soon as these should be masters of the fort, to close it at the gorge; and in order to oppose any rallying attack in return, to open in the rear large passages for the arrival of the troops and the artillery.

The chief of the Engineer Battalion Renoux, attached to the right column, and Captain Schoennagel, attached to the central column, having also brigades of sappers under their orders, had to fulfil an analogous mission.

All the arrangements concerning the duty of the engineers in the attacks to be made on the Malakhoff had been made by the General of Brigade Frossard, commanding the engineers of the 2nd Corps.

In attacking the town, in order to avoid the obstacles accumulated by the enemy at the salient of the Flagstaff Bastion, it had been decided that the principal assault should be given at the Central Bastion, between its salient and the lunette on the left; that the assaulting column, as soon as it should be established within the Central Bastion, should detach a part of its forces towards the gorge of the Flagstaff Battery, whose right face should then be assailed by a Sardinian Brigade, which had come to take part in the operations of the First Corps.

General Desorme, commanding the Engineers of the First Corps, had made arrangements for attacking the town, similar to those which I have just explained, with reference to the attacks of the Karabelnia faubourg.

On the 8th of September, at 8 o'clock in the morning, we threw on the Central Bastion two mines of projection, each charged with 100 kilogrammes of powder. The explosion took place near the middle of the Bastion, and appeared to cause great disorder. At the same hour we exploded, in front of our approaches to the Malakhoff Fort, three mining chambers, charged in all with 1,500 kilogrammes of powder, in order to destroy the lower galleries of the Russian miners, and to give security to our soldiers, who had to crowd within the trenches, under which deserters announced that the soil was mined.

At noon precisely our soldiers rushed from the advanced places *d'armes* in front of the Malakhoff. They crossed the ditches with surprising agility, and jumping on the parapets, attacked the enemy to the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" At the Malakhoff fort, the interior slope having a great height, those who arrived first halted an instant to form. Then they mounted on the parapet and jumped into the work.

The combat, which had commenced with discharge of fire-arms, was carried on with the bayonet, with stones, and with butt-ends of muskets. The rammers became weapons in the hands of the Russian gunners, but everywhere the Russians were killed, taken prisoners, or made to fly; and in less than a quarter of an hour after the attack had taken place the French flag waved on the conquered redoubt.

The Carenage Redan had also been carried after a very hot struggle. The centre column had advanced as far as the second enclosure. Everywhere we had taken possession of the works attacked. The General-in-Chief gave the concerted signal for the attack of the Great Redan, and soon after for the attack of the town. The English had 200 metres of ground to go over under a terrible fire of grape-shot. This space was presently covered with dead, but these losses could not stop the march of the attacking column, which advanced to the capital of the work. It descended into the ditch, which was about five metres in depth, and, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Russians, it escalated the scarp and took from them the salient of the Redan; but after the first struggle, which cost the Russians dear, the English soldiers found before them a vast open space crossed in all directions by the balls of the enemy, who themselves were sheltered behind distant traverses. Those who came up were scarcely sufficient to replace those who were placed *hors de combat*. It was not until they had sustained, during nearly two hours, this unequal combat, that the English resolved to evacuate the Redan.

The attack upon the Central Bastion presented the same result. In front of the Malakhoff the Russians made great efforts to reconquer the works. Repeated attacks were made, but in vain. The dead bodies of the enemy were piled up in front of the gorge, but the 1st Division remained immovable, and in the evening we were masters of this citadel, without which the Russians could not continue their defence for more than a few days.

Thus terminated this memorable siege, in which the means of defence and of attack attained colossal dimensions. The Russians had 800 cannon in battery, the besieging army about 700.

In finishing this report, I ought to tell you, Monsieur le Maréchal, that the greatest harmony has never ceased to prevail between the artillery and the engineers. Whenever one of these two services could come to the assistance of the other, he did it with eagerness,

and this community of views and action has given us the means of overcoming many difficulties.

I have also had to congratulate myself in every instance on my relations with General Harry Jones, commanding the engineers of the English army. Our object was the same, and we have never differed in opinion on the means to be employed for attaining it. Already, at the siege of Bomarsund, I had the opportunity of appreciating the loyalty and the noble character of this general officer. I have been happy at finding myself again in relations with him at the siege of Sebastopol.

Accept, Monsieur le Maréchal, the homage of my most respectful devotion.

The General of Division, A.D.C. of the Emperor, Commanding the Engineers of the Army in the East.

NIEL.

In our next Number, we shall continue the publication of our Engravings of the various important incidents connected with the Capture of Sebastopol, and shall shortly commence a Series of Views of the Present Aspect of the great Russian Stronghold in the Black Sea.

In Number 15 was given a large and elaborately-finished Panoramic View, extending across two pages of the paper, of the Town, Forts, and Harbour of Sebastopol, with no less than eighty references to places of importance.

In No. 7 of the "Illustrated Times" was published a companion Print to the above, consisting of a representation of the entire Crimea, and showing all the various towns, military stations, &c., in the neighbourhood of Sebastopol, with the whole line of road to the Isthmus of Perceps.

The whole of the back Numbers of the "Illustrated Times" are kept on sale.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1855.

SOCIAL CHANGES.

THE "Times" has lately awakened a little discussion by a sarcastic and lugubrious article on the state of the Highlands. We have all seen the accounts of the sports which have been going on there, and which amuse about this time of the year the leisure of our magnates from London. Unfortunately, too, we have all seen complaints of the difficulty of enlisting men there, to fight in the Crimea. There is an unpleasant feeling excited by the contrast, since these sports were part and parcel of the same system which once produced the abundance of fighting men. The two facts were related to each other. But now, the sports are at best theatrical and got-up—not the natural out-growth of the state of society—and only serve to make a melancholy contrast with it, like the performances of poor Red Indians in some cockney exhibition. We quite sympathise with our contemporary's regrets. But had our distinguished namesake gone a little deeper into the philosophy and history of the affair, we should have thanked him more, and need not have taken the trouble to write this article.

It seems, then, the Highlanders do not enlist. So far, everybody is agreed. But the truth is, we have to deal with a general truth to the same effect as shown more prominently in the Highlands, because the Highlands form the latest part of the world where great changes have taken place. The Lowlanders do not enlist, either—that is, in any numbers proportionate to our increased population. In the Lowlands, under the feudal system, a few families like the DOUGLASES could raise, on an emergency, many thousand men. To turn out with a fixed number was a common provision in leases. For the theory then was, that every man was naturally a soldier,—that fighting was one of the regular employments of life, which a man ought to be as much fit for, as to eat his dinner. Hence, those large armies raised by England against Scotland, or *vice versa*. As manners altered, this state of things died away in England and the Scottish Lowlands,—but it lasted in the Highlands to the middle of last century, and proved its vitality in the last Jacobite rising of 1745.

It was then found to be incompatible with the changed state of life, and active measures were taken to break it up—chiefly by attacks on the clan system, which was an organisation calculated very much to make it eternal. It was Lord CHATHAM who hit on the plan of forming Highland regiments in the service of the Crown, which so admirably justified his sagacity. From this time the Highlands fell under the operation of the same laws as the rest of the kingdom. And as commerce and improved agriculture were leading features of the time—these worked the changes which we now see. The landlords did not clear away the peasantry in order to make deer-stalking and grouse-shooting predominant, as the "Times" would have people believe. Both landlords and peasants fell under the operation, together, of laws greater than either of them in power. The old clan system became impossible. As money and southern farmers made their appearance, it was no longer a matter of choice whether the laird would keep his clan living in the old warlike, nomadic state, about him. It was no longer a possible form of life, any more than it would be for a modern English landlord to keep a bevy of "retainers;" but, as the English system changed so long ago, and so gradually, people never think of moralising upon it. It did not survive into the very time of our great-grandfathers, like the ancient system of the Highlands.

In 1773, Dr. JOHNSON made his celebrated "Journey" to those parts of the world. The change was then in gradual progress. "There seems now," says he, "to be through a great part of the Highlands a general discontent." He goes on to say that the chiefs were thought to have raised their rents with "too much eagerness." The explanation of this was simple. The chiefs partook of the character of the time, and instead of the feudal services which they had once got from their people, were anxious to set money. But it is impossible to separate lairds and people altogether in the matter,—for many a gentle family was ruined by the same changes which ruined the simple ones. The feudal view of land was changed for the commercial one, under which land is only a commodity. It was through sheep-farming that the alteration worked itself out, mainly. "Crofters," "cotters," and such little holders, were swept away to make room for large sheep-farms. The result was a stream of emi-

gration—which was causing alarm in Dr. JOHNSON'S time,—which has been progressing more or less ever since, and one result of which is the want of men complained of now. To say that this politico-economical change is solely the fault of the chiefs, is to talk mischievous twaddle,—though we are aware that in individual cases improper and undue means for stimulating the change were resorted to. As much as this is admitted by Sir WALTER SCOTT, while telling us at the same time that the SUTHERLAND family spent £100,000 in providing various modes of employment for their tenants.

We must not fancy, however, that depopulation—if you come to mere numbers,—could be truly asserted to characterise the Highlands even now. A disinclination to enlist, arises partly from employment being plentiful,—partly because a long peace has made all populations (Highland included) less warlike than of old. The moral of the whole is in favour of the doctrine of compensation. A statistic would tell you at once that your lament for the Highland changes is all sentimental nonsense,—that the changes have in the long run improved the condition both of those who emigrated and those who stayed,—and that (as Lord BACON remarks) "Time is the wisest of things." But, now, that we are in a great war, we see that commercial considerations are not the only ones: that "progress" brings evils of its own along with it, to set against the physical comforts; and that we must be prepared to meet the curses as well as hail the blessings of the rule of £ s. d. We are obliged to the "Times" for opening the question, and agree with them at least, in one point, that the "games" which called forth their essay are more suggestive to a reflecting person of melancholy than merriment.

About the same time as the Highlands came thus on the tapis, Lord STANLEY was dealing in Ireland with questions relating to the Irish, of quite a similar character. Ireland is going through the same experience;—and will lose her "Emerald Isle" politics by the same kind of decay, which, in the Highlands, has slowly worn away the clan system. But Lord STANLEY is too able and conscientious not to see,—what it would have been better for the Highlands had more proprietors there, seen,—that new epochs bring new duties,—that chief or laird should try to be to the nineteenth century, what his ancestor was to an earlier one,—and not be content with being an ornamental figure-head to a vessel blown along by the trade winds of political economy.

WHAT IS MURDER?

WHEN the moment has arrived for the history-scroll of the nineteenth century to be unrolled, when it becomes the duty of the chronicler to tell of the social condition of the people of England during this same nineteenth century—this boastful, benevolent, enlightened, hyper-civilised epoch, with what a shudder of horror, with what a gasp of astonishment, will posterity listen to the dismal record of the treatment of English women in the reign of Queen Victoria! It shall be told, how with a lady on the throne, with two houses full of legislators, with an army of police, with laws so numerous that their makers had not even time to write them down, in the heart of the greatest and most civilised metropolis in the world, women were daily and hourly beaten, kicked, mutilated, strangled, bruised, and jumped upon—that they were made into cripples and oftentimes into corpses, by the wretches who had sworn at the altar to protect them: that these horrors were no matters of rare or isolated occurrence, but that adjudication upon them engrossed full half the time of the police tribunals of London, and that the legislative enactments for the prevention of such abominations had proved utterly inadequate and inoperative, *if the vast increase of the crime since the law was passed to punish it*, could be taken as a proof of the inefficiency of the remedy.

But leaving posterity to its ghastly view, how are we, Englishmen of eighteen hundred and fifty-five, to regard this most disgraceful and abhorrent scandal? We cannot blink it, we cannot ignore it, we cannot forget it: it is *here*:—here, a canker in every bosom, a skeleton in every house, a blot on every "scutcheon, a scathe and blast to the name of every Englishman. It is enough to bring a blush to every countenance, to make us a reproach to every foreign nation, to think that the greatest poet we have, has set down in burning numbers that, we poison our food, and trample on our wives. It is a greater shame and reproach, for we can now plead no imaginative exaggeration, that the columns of every newspaper teem day after day with the details of fresh brutalities on women; of men already convicted and punished coming fresh from their half year's incarceration to begin their work a-new; of magistrates despairingly avowing the paucity of the means of repression at their command; of the woman-beating mania spreading far and wide, like a horrible epidemic; and of violence, at last, not stopping at fracture of limb, or gashings of flesh, or destruction of eyesight, but culminating in bloody and barbarous murder.

The last three weeks have furnished one long appalling black list of outrages upon women by their husbands or paramours. More than one of the assaults have ended fatally: all have been characterised by the greatest cruelty and inhumanity; yet it will scarcely be credited that in several instances—with the knowledge of the growing evil staring the magistrate in the face—the full punishment awarded by law (ridiculously inadequate as it is) has *not* been inflicted, and that a ruffian has been permitted to go comparatively scot-free, when he was amenable to, and fully deserved, and might most righteously have been sentenced to, six months imprisonment with hard labour. One, two, and three months formed the average of the sentences pronounced; in one case, at Greenwich, the magistrate positively refused to bind over a scoundrel, named James Bidwell, to keep the peace towards a wretched woman, whom he had seized by the hair of the head, stripped of her clothes, and beaten till she was deprived of consciousness, on the ground that she was the mistress of Bidwell, and not his wife. "If you were his wife," said the Rhadamanthus of Greenwich, "I could assist you, but while you choose to live with him in the manner you do, I cannot do what you require. I can punish him for his brutality, but I cannot bind him over to keep the peace while you are unlawfully connected with him." Such was the magisterial dictum, and we doubt not but that there are *Macuses* in Westminster, and *Minoses* in Marylebone, who will be found perfectly ready to agree in their colleague's views of law and propriety.

But the Bidwell treatment is not confined, as we have noticed, to pulling a woman's hair, tearing her clothes, and beating her till she faints. There are capital punishments in the Bidwell code, and there seems to be a vigorous movement just now among his fraternity, not only to beat their wives but to kill them.

At the Old Bailey sessions, some eight days since, one Henry Watts, a coachman, described as a "diminutive, bad looking man, not at all affected by the position in which he was placed," was arraigned

the wilful murder of Sarah Watts, his wife. It was elicited in evidence, that a quarrel took place between the prisoner and his wife, in a beer-shop in Paddington; that he was about to maltreat his wife, when the deceased woman interfered, that he then took her by the hair, struck her across the back three or four times; turned her out of the bar; and as she was going up stairs, got before her on the landing, and either struck or pushed her with such force that she fell down stairs, striking violently against the wainscoting. It was elicited in evidence, that he declared with a hideous curse, that he would kill her. It was likewise elicited, that from this Saturday afternoon, till the Monday at night, he persisted in a cruel, brutal, and systematic barbarity towards the unfortunate woman; that he dragged her from the bed where she lay senseless, her eyes fixed; that he hauled her about the floor, kicking her, and her, "bumping her with his knee," falsely accusing her of infidelity, and saying that "she was not fit to live." It is for the medical witnesses who gave testimony as to these infernal proceedings, to explain away the cause of interference. It was elicited in evidence, that in the presence of a woman, Sarah Browning, he was towards his wife of some act of horror, which the witness hesitated to relate, and the court refused to hear. On the night of Monday the poor woman died. But, it was also adduced in medical evidence, that the immediate cause of death, was effusion of blood into the brain; and in the face of the former, and on the strength of the latter evidence—with this tale of horror, sufficient to make the jury shudder in the veins, and the hair of the flesh stand up, the jury, after a "well and truly try," found Henry Watts guilty of—murder. Mr. Justice Crowder, in an "impressive address," sentenced him to fourteen years' transportation, and there was an end to the case.

Now, if this wretch's crime be not murder—foul and cruel murder, as we have heard humbly to ask what is murder? If torturing a woman for three days and nights, throwing her down stairs, so that she strikes against the wainscoting, dragging her off her dying bed, to look her, and bumping her head against the floor—if the commission of such atrocities amounts not to murder, Governor Wall ought never have been hanged for the murder of Sergeant Armstrong; Esther Hallow for killing her servant; Mother Brownrigg for whipping her gentle girls to death. In each of the foregoing cases, if, in our ignorance of legal niceties we may be allowed humbly to allude to them, the existence of such a thing as constructive murder was recognized, none could tell which particular lash of Brownrigg's tongue had been the immediate cause of her victim's death; but it was clearly proved that she had scourged her into exhaustion, that she sank, and died, and the murderer was hanged. So with this dead woman Watts, any one of the disgusting and brutal acts of cruelty to which she was subjected might have caused that effusion of blood upon the brain which so pleased the medical gentleman to testify, and so moved the jury to give their unjust verdict.

Supposing, just for the sake of illustration, that Watts, instead of the resentful desperado that he was, had been a cool, calm villain of the black Lizer or Tawell school, of the stealthy Vendetta, or Rush and Union; supposing it had been elicited in evidence, that he had dragged his wife with opium, or mixed arsenic with her gruel, or slowly poisoned her with morphine; supposing he had strangled her as she slept, or cut her throat with a razor,—he would have hung as high as Haman. But the openness of his crime saved him. There was something quite candid, quite rollicking and devil-me-care, in thus telling his wife about in public, and so abominably beating her to death, before the medical gentleman and the ladies. No sneaking murderer, no midnight assassin, only a jovial homicide, who let daylight shine upon his deed, and only "knocked his wife about a little"—till she died!

What is murder, if this be not? Tell us, legislators, how long are we to wait for the definition—how long to stand patiently by while judges spit hairs so nicely—murder on the one side, manslaughter on the other?

GROUSE V. HIGHLANDERS.—We are proud of our Highlanders—of their stature, their fine bearing, their ancient costume—doubtless the very same in which Brennus destroyed Rome—and that peculiar hardihood which is supposed to dispense with the most essential part of modern clothing; but they are hardly to be found, except in a regiment in the Crimea, by no means exclusively Highlanders, and a few men and boys, who just wear the tartan to impose on, or adorn the household of the wealthy Englishman who has the shooting for the season. After the rebellion of 1745, it was estimated that the clans could bring into the field considerably more than 20,000 able-bodied men. They have long been unable to keep up the small "Highland" brigade without the aid of other races. The Frasers could muster 900; and yet the other day a Fraser traversed the whole Loval country with a recruiting party, and found scarcely one to answer his summons. Some of the replies, indeed, were by no means agreeable. One man said he had eight sons in Canada, where they were all doing well, and he had no wish to see them return. One drily observed that if they wanted anything from the Highlands for the war, they had better take out a few sheep heads, for the country now produced nothing else. Such a depopulation is all the more remarkable in the face of an immense increase in other parts of these isles; and it is but poor amends for the loss, to hear that a few score wealthy Southerners are having good sport, and are distributing grouse to their friends.

UNINTENTIONAL CELEBRATION.—The fall of Sebastopol was known at Rome on the 11th, and by a singular coincidence, on that very evening, when all Rome was full of it, the Russian embassy at the Palazzo Giustiniani was brilliantly illuminated. Crowds were collected around this apparent piece of mockery, unable to divine the cause, until it was discovered that the Russian calendar set apart that day as sacred to Saint Alexander, and that the illumination was therefore in honour of the Emperor.

AN OFFENSIVE CEREMONY.—The Greek Patriarch died at Jerusalem in the early part of the month, and his body, seated on a throne, with a jewelled mitre on his head, was taken to the Latin Church with great solemnity. Several consuls attended in full dress, and a company of Egyptian soldiers, with music and drums, headed the procession. Great crowds flocked about the body, to kiss the hands or part of the dress.

THE HIGHLANDS.—A long day's journey may be made through the Highlands of Scotland without seeing a house or a man. Valleys have been cleared, villages effaced, fields, gardens, busy communities swept away and forgotten, that primeval nature may resume her stern sway. In the last age, and the age before that, it was all for sheep; and it was economy that triumphed over all other human considerations. In the present age the sheep themselves in many places are giving way to the wilder species. A mountain, it is found, pays better as a "showing" than a sheep walk, and so, with a brief interval of sheep, deer, grouse, and the black cock have fairly ousted man. No doubt a man may do what he likes with his own, and no doubt it is much better to breed these pretty creatures for the purpose of hunting and shooting than to harbour a few hundred poor Christian families, for any profit that is likely to come of them.

THE COURT.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, accompanied by her Royal Highness the Princess Royal, and by his Royal Highness Prince Frederick William of Prussia, drove on the 26th to Corrie Mulzie, and thence to the Lynn of Quich, returning home by Invercauld, where her Majesty honoured Mrs. Farquharson with a visit.

FORM OF PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING.

At a COUNCIL, held at Balmoral on the 24th by her Majesty, a Form of Prayer and Thanksgiving was directed to be prepared, and to be used on Sunday, the 29th instant, for the signal and repeated successes obtained by the troops of her Majesty and by those of her Allies in the Crimea, and especially for the capture of the town of Sebastopol.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

LIEUTENANT PERRY, whose case this time last year excited so much interest, is a passenger by the "Roxburgh Castle," which sailed for Melbourne on Tuesday last.

ADDITIONAL RECRUITING PARTIES are out with "beating orders," to raise men for the newly-raised additional battalion of 1,200 men to the Coldstream and Scots Fusilier Guards.

PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE has again left Paris, and taken up his residence at the Palace of Menden.

A CRYSTAL PALACE being proposed at Sunderland, a scheme for its erection upon a picturesque eminence within the municipal boundaries, has been submitted to a public meeting of the inhabitants, and received with general favour.

THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND has sent £100 to the Mayor of St. Cloud to be divided among the poor of the place.

THE EARL OF ELDERSBURGH has been appointed to succeed the late Lord Sefton as Lord Lieutenant of Leicestershire.

THE AUSTRALIAN "DIGGINGS" are said to have, within the last 18 months, attracted no fewer than 200 persons, principally miners from the valley of the Wear in Durham, and a party of 50 or 60 are now setting out for the land of gold.

THE COMTE DE CHAMORD has left Frolsdorf for Brunsee, where the Duchess de Betti resides.

BARON ALEXANDER DE HUMBOLDT has just celebrated the 86th anniversary of his birthday, but notwithstanding his great age, he unremittingly continues his important labours.

THE WEATHER AND THE WAR.—M. Le Maout, the French chemist who has acquired some celebrity at St. Briere, for his observations of the barometer, as affected by a distant cannonade, states that he observed the cannonade and the assault of Sebastopol from the changes effected in the mercury. He adds that it takes an hour and 40 minutes to receive the impression of the guns of Sebastopol on barometers in France.

PELISSIER, it is stated, will, in addition to his marshal's baton, be rewarded with the title of Duke of Sebastopol.

GENERAL CANROBERT, it is said, is not unlikely to be called upon to fill the office of Minister of War in France, Marshal Vaillant wishing to retire on the ground of ill health.

THE HARVEST of the United States and Canada is estimated at 61,000,000 hectolitres of wheat; and after deducting 3,000,000 for seed, 46,000,000 for home consumption, 1,500,000 for export to the West Indies, South America, and Australia, there will remain 13,500,000, flour included, for exportation to Europe.

VINCENT LAMBERT, the infant heir of the Earl of Durham, is distinguished from his twin brother by a blue silk ribbon tied round his right wrist.

PROFESSOR ERNEST REINHOLD, son of the celebrated German philosopher of that name, and himself a very remarkable man, died at Jena, a few days ago, in his 62nd year, from an attack of apoplexy.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS and the clergy who officiated at the recent "Te Deum" at Notre Dame, wore the identical robes which were presented by the Emperor Napoleon I. to the clergy of the cathedral at the baptism of his son, the ill-fated King of Rome.

THE PORTS has issued a notification to capitalists, inviting proposals for constructing a railway from Constantinople to Belgrade.

AN INUNDATION has taken place at the town of Krems, on the Danube, causing much loss of life and property, and driving thousands of the inhabitants from their homes to seek shelter in the open country.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has been formally appointed Librarian to the Vatican.

STRAHAN, PAUL, AND BATES have been required to enter into recognizances of ten thousand pounds each, to appear to take their trials for felony on some future day. These men being bankrupts, such a bond must be a funny fiction of the law.

THE CHEVALIER FRANCOIS HAMONIERE DE CHAPUSSET, aide-de-camp to the Emperor Souleique, of Hayti, has arrived in Paris, with a suite of three negroes.

THE MEMBERS OF THE EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION have held numerous public meetings, chiefly composed of persons connected with various retail departments of trade, for the furtherance of the objects of the society.

THE COURTIER OF LOUIS XIV. asserted that the King's generals were the best in the world—their defects formed such capital subjects for epigrams.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY MEN of the Kent Militia Artillery have volunteered for service at Gibraltar or Malta; and the 1st Regiment of Staffordshire Militia, now on duty at Corin, has volunteered for the Crimea.

THE PEOPLE OF BATH are about to raise a monument to the memory of those officers connected with the city who have fallen in the Crimean war.

THE CHOLERA is said to have nearly disappeared at Genoa.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, it is expected, will be formally crowned next spring.

THE WINDSOR CASTLE IMPROVEMENTS are rapidly progressing, and are expected to be completed by the 12th proximo, the day on which the Court is expected to return for the winter season.

PRINCE NAPOLEON continues to receive from the exhibitors at the Palace of Industry, gifts of articles towards the fund for the army of the East.

JOLIFFE TUFNELL, Esq., F.R.C.S.I., has been appointed Regius Professor of Military Surgery in the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

DURING the past two months the immense number of 300,000 shells, of various sizes, have left Woolwich Arsenal for the seat of war.

THE ALLIANCE.—A man appeared in the streets of Hull the other day, with his wooden leg painted red, white, and blue.

PROFESSOR J. F. W. JOHNSON, of the University of Durham, Author of the "Chemistry of Common Life," died last week.

THE CYAR has conferred a sacred image, enriched with diamonds, on the Metropolitan Agnathangelos, who, by his prayers and benedictions, animated the troops to devote themselves to the defence of Sebastopol.

THE PREMIER AND LADY PALMERSTON will not leave London for any lengthened period, this season.

THREE MONSTER SHELLS have arrived at Woolwich, from the Lowmoe Foundries, each having a diameter of 3 feet 9 inches, and weighing 1 ton 6 cwt. An experimental gun, which weighs no less than 20 tons, has been founded at Liverpool for projecting these enormous missiles.

PRINCE CHARLES LUCIEN BONAPARTE and the Count and Countess Campello have been on a visit at Eglinton Castle.

DR. NEWMAN has subscribed £100 towards defraying the costs of Cardinal Wiseman's recent trial.

THE "FRANCES HENRY" arrived, the other day, from Australia, with above 22,000 ounces of gold-dust and a quantity of sovereigns, worth altogether about £400,000, together with 900 bales of Portland wool.

THE CO-EXECUTORS for the Poet Campbell's monument in Westminster Abbey, have contradicted the report that the British nation had accepted the monument without fair payment.

MR. VICTOR HOUTON, whose appointment to the Secretaryship to the Government of Malta was announced some time since, has been succeeded by Mr. Julian Pannoforte as Private Secretary to Sir William Molesworth.

MR. WYLD has just published a map purporting to show the present Russian position north of Sebastopol.

THE REV. W. CURLING, of St. Saviour's, Southwark, preached in the open air on Sunday last, in Pepper Street, a locality of the very lowest description, and densely populated.

BITTER ALES, in consequence of the satisfactory accounts from the hop plantations, have experienced a reduction of 6s. a barrel.

MR. DENNIS, of Paragon Works, North Britain, has succeeded, it is said, in making a serviceable wrought-iron gun, which has stood the test of 153 rounds.

THREE LIVES were lost by an accident which occurred last week at the Caprington colliery, near Ayr.

LORD LYCAN, when recently letting the extensive farm of Cloonagashel, made it a point with the person who took it, to employ men who heretofore were in the employment of his Lordship, and to have no Scotch colony.

THE ANNIVERSARY of the battle of the Alma, was celebrated by bell-ringing and other tokens of rejoicing in a great number of places throughout the country.

BENEDETTO PISTRUCI, the celebrated engraver, who was employed in the reign of George III. to execute a medal designed to commemorate the victory of Waterloo, which has never yet appeared, died lately in his 73rd year.

CAPTAIN R. SIDTHORPE, of the 97th, who was severely wounded in the attack on the Redan, is the youngest son of the Hon. and Gallant Colonel, whose eccentric oratory so frequently amuses the House of Commons.

LORD AND LADY PALMERSTON passed through Northampton on Saturday last en route to her Ladyship's estate at Duston.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, it is said, has intimated his intention to appoint the Rev. P. Colin Campbell, A.M., at present professor of Greek in the College, to the vacant office of Principal.

LORD WARD has arrived at Dudley House, from the seat of war.

VICE-ADMIRAL REFININGTON, who has been more than 50 years in the navy, and for some time the late Sir R. Peel's colleague as M.P. for Tamworth, died on Saturday last, at Armingham Hall, Warwickshire.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

GENERAL SIMPSON'S long-looked-for despatch has been received, read, and—abused. It is utterly meagre and void of detail, the best feature in it being the warmth and generosity with which the proceedings of our Allies are mentioned. But the English people, who so anxiously expected the official narrative of the fall of Sebastopol, the "published by authority" account of our recent grand doings in the East, are naturally enough annoyed at finding the document so vague and unsatisfactory. The vagueness, moreover, suggests not only that the writer is incapable of giving a proper description, but that things may have happened upon which he is unable or unwilling to touch. There is a paragraph to the effect, that the first attack on the Redan having been unsuccessful, the trenches were so filled with troops that he was unable to organise a second assault. The natural question is, Was it not General Simpson's own fault that the trenches were so unnecessarily and even obstructively full? We must wait for the publication of Mr. Russell's letter in the "Times" for the clearing up of these dubious phrases; and if his account of the assault be only half as graphic as his wonderful description of the bombardment, it will set the seal upon his fame, and assure an immortality to his well-earned reputation. Moreover, henceforward letters from newspaper correspondents (Mr. Russell's accounts in particular) and epistles written home by officers and private soldiers, will regain the interest which they have temporarily lost since the unsparing use of the telegraph. The position of the Allied armies is such, that it would be dangerous for the Governments of France and England to publish, through the medium of the Daily Papers, such news as is transmitted to them by telegraph from their commanding generals, in case Russia should avail herself of the information, and we shall become dependent, not only for detail, as we always have been, but for bare facts, upon letters written from the camp, while the most wonderful rumours, "à la Vienna," will be eagerly looked for and listened to. Sebastopol is to be razed to the ground, so far, at all events, is said to be determined; the basins are to be filled up, and the town, which for twelve months withstood the attacks of the two most celebrated armies in the world, will henceforth live but in name. I am not a politician, as you know, and but reflect the opinions of others; but, from all I hear there is every hope that the north side cannot last long, despite the fortifications which, rumour says, are being erected. This seems to be already foreseen by "Le Nord" and the pro-Russian journals, which begin to speak slightly of the importance of the Crimea itself as a Russian possession. Straws thrown up show which way the wind blows; in the educated portion of the Russian community the blow is felt, though a good face is endeavoured to be assumed. As for the poor deluded "plebs," they can, by the means of addresses and proclamations, be fooled to any extent.

ARTISTS in Pall Mall is now filled with an exhibition of photographic pictures, which have been taken by Mr. Roger Fenton during a residence of five months in the Crimea. Here are all the landscapes and celebrated places about which we have so often read and conversed—here are portraits of all the men whose names have been household words in our mouths. There is one scene, "A Consultation at the English Headquarters," with portraits of Lord Raglan, Marshal Pelissier, and Omar Pacha. Here we find, also, the spare, worn lineaments of General Simpson, and the stolid countenance of Sir Richard England. And not only have the chiefs been hit off; every scene of inner camp life among the men is admirably depicted, while, in one or two places, from the screen beams upon us the jolly laughing Irish face of the redoubtable Billy Russell himself, now, however, surrounded with an enormous beard, which gives him a look of ludicrous ferocity.

SIR BENJAMIN HALL, urged by Sir John Shelley, writes in his capacity of Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, that no aggression on public property is intended by the new road through St. James's Park, which will rather be a boon and convenience to Londoners. Most people, however, among the number, retain their former opinion upon the matter; but Sir B. Hall has given one good promise, and that is, that no further steps in the work of demolition shall be taken until the meeting of Parliament, when we may rely upon the question being thoroughly ventilated, before permission is given for the execution of the works.

THE CASE of the Collins's has been followed by one even more arbitrary and aggravating. Nathaniel Williams, a day labourer near Worcester, has been fined 5s., and 12s. 6d. costs, for breaking the Sunday Trading Act by reaping a piece of ground which he owned on the Sabbath. The case was communicated to the "Times," who gave a smart, short, stinging "leader" on it, and subscriptions have flowed in from all sides, to defray the legal expenses, and recompense the man for his persecution. From all I hear, these cases are but samples of law and justice daily carried on in the agricultural districts, and matters are gradually working on to a right end; the employment of a proper paid magistracy in such districts, and the withholding of power from boorish squires or bigoted clergy, who have nearly always either an interest in, or an aversion to, the persons charged before them. Meanwhile, the increase of crime both in town and country is becoming frightful. Scarcely a day passes on which we do not read of the most horrible tragedies, murders committed on the persons of aged and unoffending women, wife-beatings (a species of crime which seems to have rather increased since the enactment of the law designed for its suppression), garotte and highway robberies innumerable. I have my own opinion on these matters, and I am disposed to lay this increase of crime to the fact of a morbid terror of inflicting punishment, which some even good and clever men possess, and which feeling, by means of their organs in the Legislature and the press, is spread abroad among the public at large. No hanging! cry they. No hard labour! no solitary confinement! Exhortation, precept and example; these are the true means of reformation. In reply to which, I descend to the vernacular, and mutter "humbug." Look at the success of this plan, as worked out in the present ticket-of-leave system. Every other robbery committed throughout the kingdom is planned or executed by a ticket-of-leave convict; and one of these hypocritical scoundrels is now in custody, charged with the commission of one of the most brutal murders that has been heard of for years. No, sir, my notion of a reforming agent is the lash! Nothing like a thorough good flogging. No half measures, but good military drummer's allowance, to bring a hulking, cowardly ruffian to his senses. Do you recollect the birch, at school, Editor? I do, well; and very often I feel convinced that any good qualities I may possess, were originally brought out by a judicious application of that invigorating weapon. Let the cat-o'-nine-tails be applied to drunken Irish navigators, negligent engine-drivers, and fraudulent bankers, and I warrant you we shall hear less of wife-beating, railway accidents, and alarming failures.

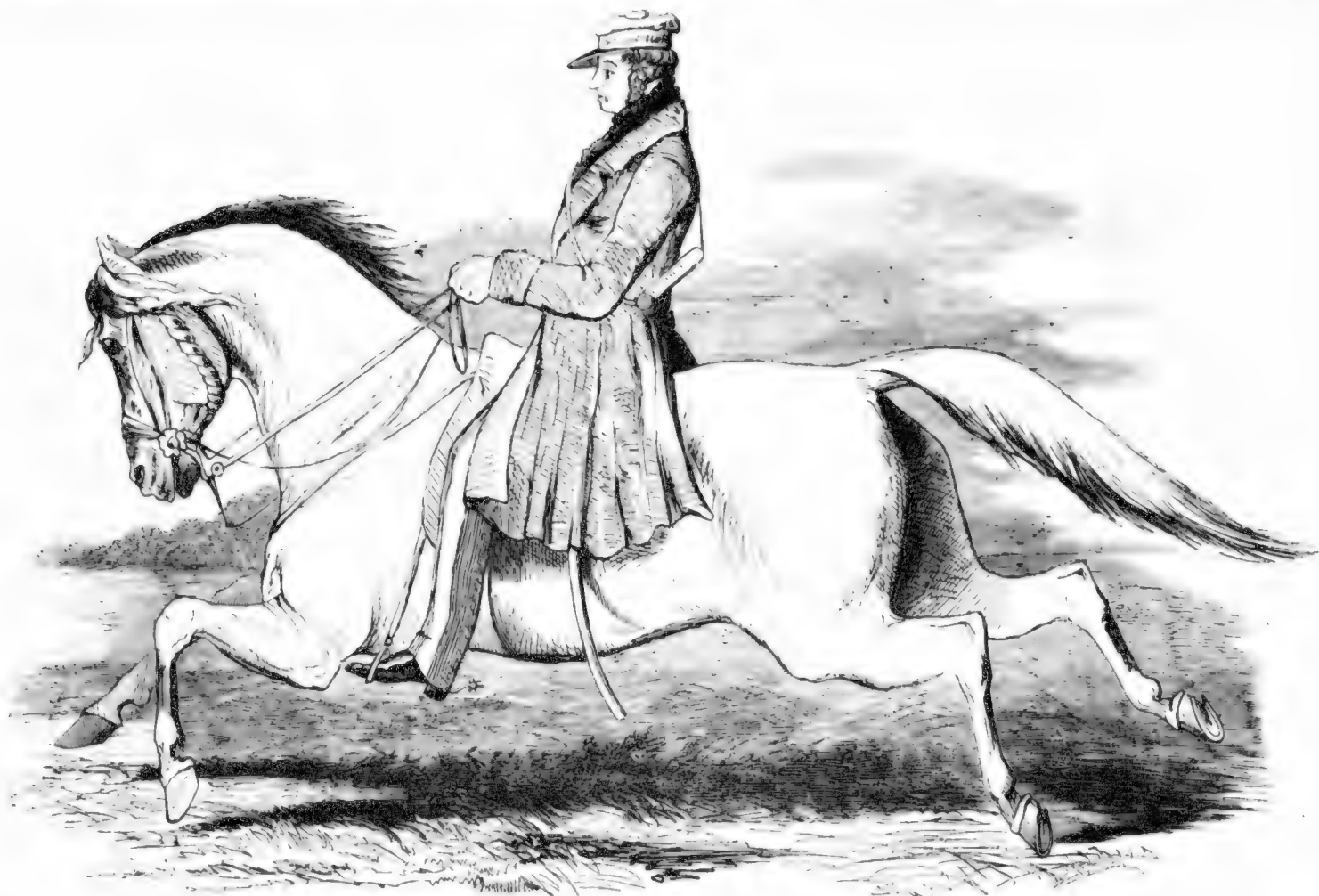
HAVE YOU seen the African twins? If not, don't! I have, and lost the edge of my appetite; albeit, Mr. Quartermaine's champagne was superb, and the whitebait very small and sweet, considering the time of year. They are, setting apart all other considerations, very ugly, repulsive-looking children, and should never have been exhibited. Surely, when one wants to see monstrosities, there is Surgeon's Hall, and the contents of the innumerable bladder-covered bottles!

MR. CHARLES DICKENS, who is staying near Folkestone, is to read his "Christmas Carol" at the Literary Institution of that town on the 5th of October.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND THE SEBASTOPOL ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

To the Editor of the Illustrated Times.

SIR,—You have done the public a great service in exposing the impudent charlatanism of your "illustrious contemporary," but it seems to me you have only gone half way. Your exposure had reference to the alleged transmission of a message which on any one open to the public is a fact not altogether impossible, but you do not say a word about the greater absurdity of the pretended transmission of drawings by the same means. On Friday last I purchased a copy of the paper with a view of the capture of the Malakoff, while the Government dispatches themselves, although forwarded by a special messenger, did not reach London till Saturday morning. Was this drawing forwarded by Telegraph too? This puts photography itself (and truth also I may add) to the blush.—I am, &c., HONESTAS.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CODRINGTON, COMMANDER OF THE ASSAULT UPON THE GREAT REDAN, SEPTEMBER 18.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM CODRINGTON.

WHEN the French troops, with the gallant bravery characteristic of their nation, had carried the Malakhoff and planted the tricolour standard on the battlements, the arrangements for an assault on the redoubtable Redan were entrusted to Sir William Codrington, in concert with General Markham. Though the bold assailants failed in accomplishing their hazardous object, the resolute and sanguinary conflict which, for nearly an hour, they maintained against fearful odds, and the dauntless courage displayed, when attempting to maintain their desperate position in the salient angle, have invested the names of those who took part in the exploit with celebrity and interest. Under such circumstances, we bring before our readers the equestrian portrait of Sir W. Codrington, which accompanies this sketch.

Though bearing a name known to fame in other centuries, and not without celebrity in our own—for one of the ancient family bore the banner of Henry V. in the wars of France, and another was the Admiral who won

the battle of Navarino—William John Codrington appears to have been, until recently, hardly known to the public, save as an officer of the Coldstream Guards; and the story of his military career is therefore, of course, sufficiently brief. He entered the army in the year 1821, became a lieutenant in 1823, obtained his captaincy in 1826, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in 1826, of colonel in 1846, and of major-general in 1854.

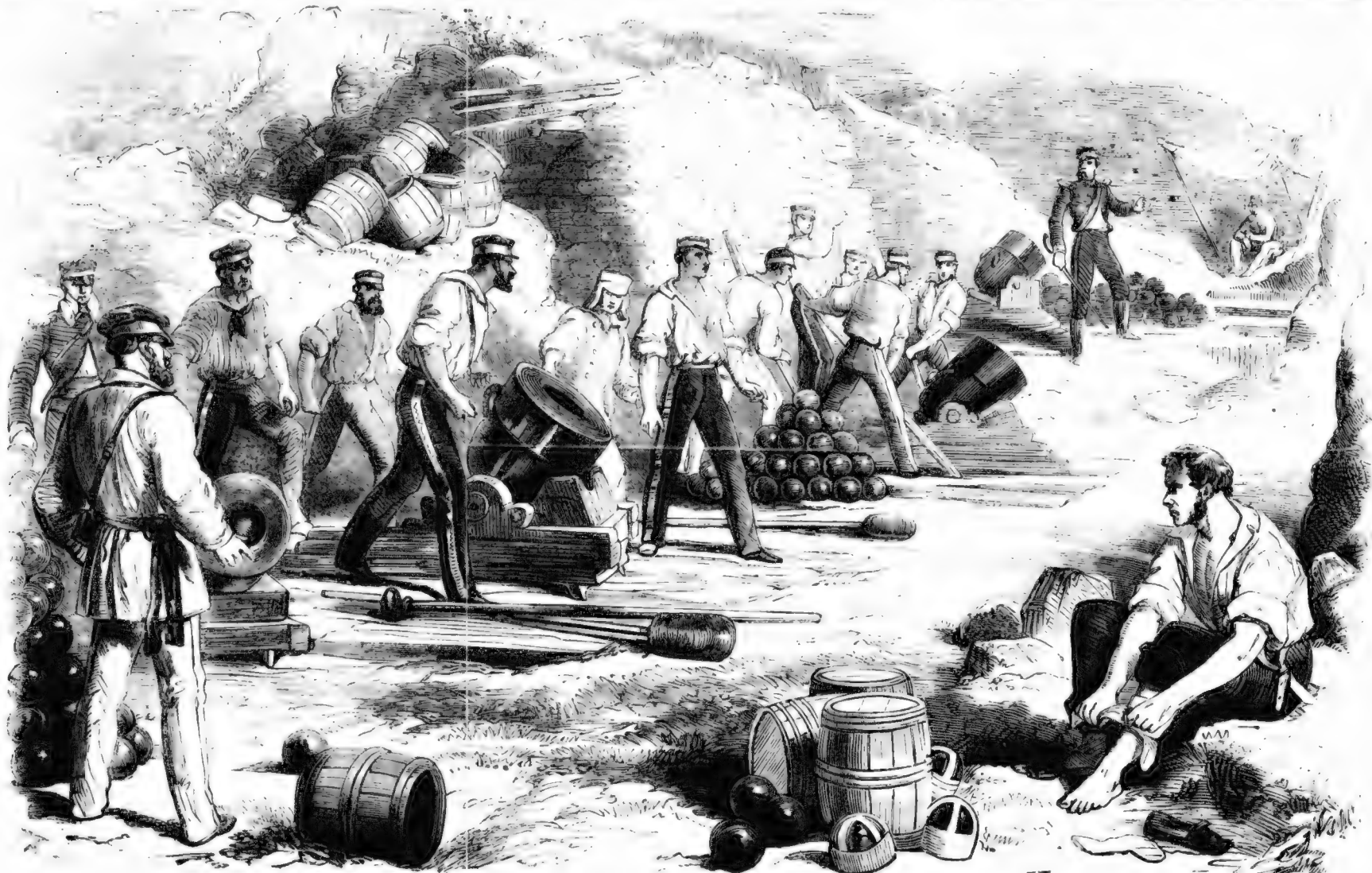
Last year it became evident that a war was inevitable; and, as England expected every soldier to do his duty, General Codrington fared forth with the army to the East. In the autumn, when Colonel Airey was nominated Quarter-Master-General to the Crimean army, General Codrington succeeded him in the command of the First Brigade of the Light Division, which he has since led through the Eastern campaign, including the Battles of the Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann, and the long siege of Sebastopol. General Codrington now commands the Light Division, having succeeded Sir George Brown when that gallant warrior returned to this country.

THE ENGLISH BATTERIES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

THE following letter from our Artist describes a visit paid by him to some of the batteries in the English lines of attack, which eventually did so good service against the fortifications of Sebastopol:—

I obtained my pass with the greatest difficulty. I first went to headquarters to Colonel Pakenham, the Adjutant-General, who told me that every one, and especially such as I, was denied permission, as my sketches, when published, would give the enemy a notion of our works, which he did not wish they should possess. I told him that I was not "Wyld," that I did not wish to make anything like a chart or plan, but simply inoffensive groups and occasionally a view or two, which I should take care would not interfere with our military operations. He said he could not grant me the permission, but would give me a letter to a greater man than himself, General Barnard.

I took the letter to this great man, and he said that he quite agreed with Colonel Pakenham, but would see what the chief officer of the Engineers had to say about it. Whereupon, he wrote on the letter a message to the



THE 10-INCH MORTAR BATTERY BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.—"MAKE READY!"—(FROM A SKETCH BY JULIAN IORICH.)

individual in question. I found this gentleman in his tent. The moment I fixed my eye upon him I thought my doom was sealed. He was a hard-headed, red-faced "Boxer" kind of man; and sure enough I judged right, for after glancing over the letter, he seized a pen without even looking at me, and his intention evidently was to have refused permission in every shape and way. Whereupon I went over precisely the same arguments as I had already used to Colonel Pakenham. I don't know what effect this had on him, but he showed me some rough pen and ink charts, and pointed out the danger that would be incurred if I made a sketch in such and such a spot. He then sat down, I thought somewhat mollified, and wrote an answer to General Barnard. I went back again to the General with this, and, after an undue amount of reflection, he said that he would order a pass to be issued to me, but not a perpetual one, only one to be renewed at headquarters daily. He told me that he hoped I was not a "traitor," and to make sure on the latter point it was settled that my sketches were to be shown to General Jones. I thereupon returned to Colonel P., and obtained a pass for the next day, and I consider that I worked for it. On this day, I made my way to the 21-gun battery, where they were firing away at the Redan just as though they had never left off (which I dare say they had not) since my last visit. This time I did not get an officer to go over with me, which is really necessary, as the trenches are such a gigantic maze. Every now and then you see a head apparently coming towards you, but, in consequence of the numerous zig-zag turnings, although seen close by, some minutes elapse before you meet. At night-time, it has often happened that officers and men have walked right into the arms of a Russian sentry, so intricate and confusing are these enormous works. This being the case, it is of course as well to get a companion, if possible. However, I set out alone, and walked for about a mile through working parties and sleeping parties, when an officer came running after me to see my credential. I showed it him, and off I started again. The walking is desperately hard work over a roughly-hewn road, with the sun shining against both sides of the trench, which reflect back the rays with such force that I wonder, with the little breeze that penetrates these gutters, that the poor fellows stopping and working there all day do not get fairly stifled. I asked of two soldiers I met the way to the Quarries. They looked at me for some time, and then asked me in return whom I wanted there; then who I was. I showed the pass, but they did not understand it, so they decided to take me before the colonel in command. I remonstrated earnestly, but of course this only put me deeper in the mess; so back I had to go, with one soldier with a firelock on his shoulder leading the way, followed by myself with my sketch-book under my arm, and the rear taken up by the other soldier, also armed, so that altogether we formed quite an imposing procession, and created a great sensation in the crowded trenches we passed through. Of course, when the colonel saw the pass, he said it was all right, and begged my pardon, &c.; but the soldiers, he assured me, were not to blame. I then started off again, and at length came to the Quarries. These were like the rest of the trenches, only on rather a larger scale. I found out that there were new advanced works a little further on, so to these I went. The moment of my visit happened during a lull, although every now and then a rifleman would see a mark he could not resist, and would have a pop at it. The Russians were firing pretty sharply, and the whizz of a Minie ball would be frequently heard too near to your head to be pleasant. While here, they sent two discharges of grape-shot among us. This always created a great panic. Our men recognise it the moment it issues from the gun, get the bearing of it, and scamper clear off. The shot burst from the gun with a crashing kind of noise, and of course a loud report. The guns are loaded with ten shot, each about as big as an orange, and are fired right up in the air, so that down the shot falls plump into the trench. They are obliged to do this, in consequence of the shortness of the distance. This trench, the nearest we have, is only a hundred yards from the Russian works, for on looking over under the guidance and especial direction of an officer, I could see the heads and muskets of the Russian riflemen popping up every now and then to have a look at what was going on. You can avoid a shot in the day-time very well, and it is only at night that a man is hit by one, except through carelessness, for the moment you see a puff of white smoke, you ought to duck your head, and the ball passes over you harmless.

Yesterday I went to the trench again and made the accompanying sketch of the 10-inch mortar batteries. Captain — was telling me as we rode through the "Frenchman's Valley," how, a day or so previous to the 18th of June, there had arrived two parties of the Transport Corps, each 500 strong. On the 18th, water and provisions were wanted in the trenches, and so the gallant captain of the water party rode up to these fresh men—green young fellows many of them, new from the country—and he said (most likely waving his sword), "Come, lads, now who'll volunteer to take water up to the trenches?" Immediately the whole of them jumped up and offered; so on they went; took their mules, and jogged along all right enough until they came to this precise spot, when over the hill a huge round shot came bounding, tearing up the earth as it went. He said, to see the changes in the countenances of some of them was very amusing; but they did not turn back, although, as they went on, they met more of these messengers of death, which killed some of the mules; for these are such obstinate brutes, that there is no moving them, especially when alarmed, as they were now by the roar of the cannon. The nearer they got, the more thick

the wounded and dead men lay, until it was quite difficult to pass without trampling on them. Presently a body of French soldiers came to put life into these men, who were getting rather faint-hearted at the aspect of affairs. It was a party of the Voltigeurs of the Imperial Guard, who came along chanting some of their war songs, and cheered on by the Vivandières, and whenever a comrade was knocked over, shouting "Vive l'Empereur." On arriving at the 21-gun Battery, we found by the view obtained from thence that firing was going on pretty heavily in the advanced works; but duty led the captain forward as duty led me—so down we went. It had been raining very heavily, and the trenches were horribly dirty walking. In some parts, there were pools of dirty water extending some 50 yards, which there was no help but to walk through, unless one fancied a run for that distance along the embankment, within range of the Russian rifles.

We arrived at the battery, and it struck me as being one of the most picturesque; so I perched myself down and commenced sketching at once. The nearest group is taken the moment before firing; the figure at the back of the mortar, or rather the side, is just in the act of pulling the trigger-line; the group in the background are hoisting the mortar into position; and the officer more in the background, on the embankment, is giving the word to the foremost group to fire. Further on, is the tent or covered place for the three officers in command. It is little enough, goodness knows

SAPPERS AND MINERS.

MILITARY writers are under the necessity of confessing that it is no easy matter to explain what is meant by "a sapper." They, however



SAPPERS AND MINERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.—(FROM A DRAWING BY RAFFET.)

venture to explain him as a being equally at home afloat or ashore, who can go anywhere and do anything—who is therefore entrusted with duties that other people care not to undertake, and appears to condense the whole system of military engineering, all the arts and sciences, and everything useful and practical, under his uniform. The duties of sappers are, in fact, described as multifarious, and by no means confined to warlike operations. One day they are on the dome of St. Paul's, making a survey of the illimitable metropolis; another, at the bottom of the sea, diving under the wreck of the *Royal George*. At one time exercising their skill at Chobham; at another occupied with the Great Exhibition. One year out with the Arctic Expedition; next, engaged in the interior of Africa.

When taking part in military enterprises, the sappers and miners have

ever been conspicuous for courage, patience, and dexterity, whether employed in siege works, in the erection of bridges, the construction of new fortifications, repairing the defences under fire, or strengthening the points suspected of weakness. In short, they are invaluable!

The accompanying engraving represents a group of those French sappers and miners, whose part has been so important in the protracted siege of Sebastopol, and whose labours have been so effectual in the arduous reduction of that frowning stronghold.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Some experiments have been recently made at the Arsenal-butt, Woolwich, by way of testing a new and more effectual method of removing spikes from guns supposed to have been rendered useless by the enemy. The experiment proved completely successful.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM DEATH IN THE TRENCHES.

THE following extract from a letter of Lieutenant Frederick Jebb, of the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, to one of his relatives, contains an interesting account of two most remarkable instances of preservation:—

"I had charge of 100 men. We were detached off the support, and were reckoning upon having a quiet night of it in the rear. We were not relieved at all, and had to remain a second night in the front parallel,—hungry, very dirty, and tired. About one a.m. that night we were all seated down—that is, ten officers of the 23rd—on the banquette, looking very mean, and talking over our hard fate. The grog was just coming round. I had drunk mine, and B— was just giving me some of his, when a round shot struck the parapet in the rear of B—, pushing him off the banquette and burying him. I was shot forward several yards from the parapet, after having received a lot of grog in my face. I picked myself up, and found that I was all right except a scratch on the wrist. We then proceeded to unbury B—, who was rather stunned by the blow. He managed to walk home, and is returned slightly wounded. I might have been similarly returned some time ago, but I did not receive the wound when in my proper place. I was running about the unfinished most advanced work, with the white cap cover and the red tunic on, which brought on me a double cross-fire from the Redan and Round Tower. I found it no easy task to dodge the balls. One from the Redan grazed my forehead, just above my left eye. I heard it coming, and fell down, but not quite quick enough. It was nothing at all, for it only took about three-quarters of an inch of skin off. Just before being relieved (Saturday, September 1) I had a most providential escape from being shot right through the heart. I was standing on the banquette of the 5th parallel, watching the enemy, through my glasses, conveying cartloads of something into Sebastopol across their new floating bridge. Our men were sharpshooting on both sides of me, so that it was difficult to hear a bullet coming. Suddenly something (I thought it was a stone) struck me right in the centre of the left breast. I staggered a little. There were several officers near me who heard it strike me and saw the hole in my tunic, about two inches from the centre on the left of my body. They exclaimed, 'Poor fellow! he is shot right through the heart.' They could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw me carefully getting down from the banquette, instead of tumbling backwards and breaking my neck. 'The first words I said were, 'Thank God, it has not touched my lungs.' On looking down, I found the ball had passed through the tunic in the side, and again through the sleeve just under my arm; I fancied the ball had gone through my breast and had come out between my ribs. Judge of my astonishment and that of every one else, when, on opening my tunic and shirt, no hole was found in my body, nor even a trace of blood. The only way I can account for it is, that I was leaning on my left arm, which hardened the muscles of my chest, and thus caused the ball to turn. The part where the ball struck is rather painful, but the skin is not scratched. When the ball struck me, it made a noise, as if it had hit a board. Every one who has seen my coat and shirt declares my escape was marvellous."

THE ASSAULT AS SEEN FROM THE FLEET.

The following is an extract from the letter of an English officer who took part in the naval operations against the Quarantine Batteries before Sebastopol, on the 8th inst.:—

Her Majesty's ship —, off Sebastopol, Sept. 10.

At noon, or rather about 1 p.m. (Saturday, the 8th inst.), we observed the French in possession of the Malakhoff, which appeared to have been carried with ease and the most complete success; but not so the Redan and Central Bastion, where both our troops and the French were repulsed with great loss. The general firing ceased towards evening, with only a partial cannonade up to midnight, when explosion after explosion rapidly succeeded each other in the town and outworks. Soon after daylight, we discovered that the Russians had deserted the south side, and that the whole place was on fire, and their line-of-battle ships sunk. During the forenoon of the 9th, Forts Nicholas and Alexander were blown up; the explosions were terrific, quite darkening the place for hours, spreading the mantle of destruction for miles around. A great number of both French and English met with dreadful accidents from being too venturesome in trying to penetrate into the burning town, some in search of plunder, and some from curiosity. This morning, the 10th, we found all the forts partially blown up, and the town still burning, with occasional explosions. The Russians are very quiet, and there is apparently a great panic among them. Large parties are burying their dead in the trenches on the north side, and from the number of wounded and dead left in their defences, their losses must have been enormous—more, I expect, than they will ever own. An armistice of 24 hours has been granted; after that, I suppose we shall go to work again, and drive them from the neighbourhood. However, you will have all the description from a blundering man like me. I am writing, as usual, against time, for I have much to do just now. Our six mortar-vessels, with the four French, did good service. Those on the plan of Captain Roberts answer well. All have stood the heavy firing without damage to themselves or vessels, and are ready again for any amount of work. I expect you will have all particulars of the fall of Sebastopol long before we shall, for it is next to impossible to pick up news on the spot.

FORTIFICATIONS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF SEBASTOPOL.

The *Frankfort Post Gazette* of Sept. 18, has the following respecting the fortifications on the north side of Sebastopol:—

"The fortifications bordering the roadstead of Sebastopol on the north form two distinct sections, some being situated to the west and directed against an attack made from the Black Sea, while the others lie to the south and converge their fire on Sebastopol and the roadstead. The space separating the two sections of intrenchments is defended by Fort Constantine, the guns of which command both the roadstead and the sea. On the western coast we first meet with the Wasp Battery and that of the Telegraph; then, turning near Fort Constantine, we find ourselves before Fort Catherine, armed with 120 guns, and two other batteries 'rasantes' on the border of the bay. The rocky ground, so cut up with ravines, of the Southern table-land, rises from the level of the sea by an abrupt ascent. The table-land was, before the invasion, crowned with several batteries, partly cut into the living rock, but since then the whole shore of the bay, as far as Inkermann Lighthouse, has been covered with earthen entrenchments. Further in the background, in the centre of these works, the summit of the table-land bears the star-shaped fort named Severnaya, but also called 'the Citadel.' Of the fortifications on the line of the Belbek we have no details whatever. All we know is that when, in 1854, the allied army, after the Battle of the Alma, marched on Sebastopol, it found the north side unassailable, and was obliged to make the flank march recorded at the time, for the purpose of turning Sebastopol and reaching the south side of the town, which was known to be weakly fortified. This proves that even at that date North Sebastopol was in rather a formidable condition. Since that period they have certainly extended and strengthened the defences of this position; while, prolonging them as far as Upper Belbek, they have formed an intrenched camp for the Russian army of reserve. At the mouth of the Belbek the Allies found even last year a regular fort. The forts on the north side are capable of containing a garrison of 25,000 men."

The new works on the north side are meanwhile progressing very rapidly. Enormous working parties are engaged upon them. Three new batteries have been commenced on the east of the great Star Fort, between it and the battery on the verge of the cliff at the entrance to the Bay of Inkermann—"la batterie de la cimetiére," as the French call it. These works generally are said to be of a very solid and massive character.

FAINT TO THE ENTERPRISING.—It seems astonishing the Allies should never have thought of erecting a small foundry at Balaklava for casting shot, instead of bringing it from England. The ground within three miles of Sebastopol, on the south side, for a length of seven or eight miles, is literally paved with Russian shot and shell, besides hundreds of broken guns. The Russians would have been out of shot long ago had they not re-cast ours. A single cupola would work up thousands of tons of shot, and shell, and guns in a few weeks, and would save many thousands of pounds to our Government at home. Why does not some influential member of the Administrative Reform Association come out here and see the extravagance and waste of everything in this awfully expensive war.—*Private Letter*, dated off Kertch, Sept. 3.

POSTAGE-STAMPS IN THE CRIMEA.—There appears to be a great dearth of Queen's heads at the seat of war. One correspondent, writing on the 6th, says:—"For the last three weeks, I have been applying at the Post Office at head quarters, and at the office at Balaklava for some, but without success. The reply always is, 'We expect some next mail.' This dearth of 'Queen's heads' is not merely a want of the present moment; it has occurred at frequent intervals. It is a matter of general inconvenience—is it a matter of necessity? Cannot a deposit of postage-stamps be stored at Constantinople in charge of the principal postmaster, just as other magazines are stored there, and forwarded from time to time to the post officers with the army, as occasion requires?"

OPERATIONS IN THE SEA OF AZOF.

A DESPATCH from Admiral Bruat of the 19th inst., announces that the steamers *Alban* and *Sultan*, with an English gun-boat, destroyed in the Sea of Azof, between the 6th and 11th of September, five fisheries on the coast of Scythia, and 68 in the lakes and rivers of the neighbouring coast; they burnt 31 storehouses, containing nets or provisions, and 98 boats laden with forage and other provisions.

The following letter from Yenikale of the 5th inst. gives an account of the recent operations in the Sea of Azof:—

"The Allied flotilla, consisting of three English and three French vessels, has again paid a visit to Genitchi, and bombarded it at a distance of from 1,000 to 1,100 metres, so that what had been merely damaged or pierced by balls at first has now become the prey of fire. Two Russian barracks and a quantity of huts, intended for a Russian winter camp, have been burnt, as well as the town, of which nothing has now remained but the site. The enemy did not on this occasion reply to our fire, but took themselves off at once. After this bombardment, our flotilla proceeded to the spit of Arabat, for the purpose of burning some boats which had been seen in the Putrid Sea, as also a small village marked in our maps to the south-west of Genitchi. A violent squall put an end to our preparations. You cannot form an idea of the suddenness with which these squalls come on you in these seas. On this occasion we luckily lost no men, but a few of our boats were swamped. Our plan, of course, is only adjourned. Our Cimmerian Bosphorus has become quite animated since the arrival of our steam gun-boats. They are daily cruising about in the straits and practising their guns. They will be very serviceable to us in due time. On the 17th of last month they were all drawn up in order of battle before Kertch, at 100 metres from the quay, and displayed a formidable row of guns. This measure had been rendered necessary by the appearance of a vanguard of infantry and irregular cavalry, and by a movement of the Cossacks, who looked as if they intended to attack the town during the night, and fire our supplies of corn. Their force was valued at 6,000 men, and it was thought to be the advanced guard of Wrangel's corps. We waited for them twenty-four hours, hoping for an attack, and there never was such joy in the camp before. The vessels moored before our positions had received orders to hold themselves ready to support us. The disappointment was universal when we learnt that the enemy had retreated, carrying off some Tartars and a few head of cattle, for which we shall make them pay dearly if they show their faces again. But that is not likely, for the Russians know that we are well entrenched, and strong enough besides, to offer them battle. Whatever may happen, we are ready, and shall be very glad of any incident that may interrupt the monotony of our existence."

(From our Correspondent.)

Off Kertch, Sept. 3, 1855.

On the 1st of September Colonel Read, in command of the Turkish Contingent, with a portion of the troops occupying Yenikale, made a reconnaissance towards the Bagatoubi Salt Lake, on the southern side of the Sea of Azof, distant from Yenikale by land about 14 miles, in order to intercept the Cossacks who were reported to be removing large quantities of salt into the interior, as well as cattle from the neighbourhood. The Allies were preceded by a guard of about half a dozen mounted Tartars; and the *Arrow* and *Snake* gun-boats, accompanied by four French gun-boats, steamed along the coast, in order to cover the troops should they have been under the necessity of seeking the shelter of the steamers' long-range guns.

The Tartar horsemen, who were about a couple of miles in advance of the main body of the army, on entering a village near the Salt Lake Bagatoubi, demanded of the inhabitants immediately to deliver up all the grain and other stores in their possession, from which they were in the habit of supplying the Cossacks. But to this demand the villagers, seeing only half-a-dozen Tartars, not only gave a flat refusal, but threatened them with the vengeance of the Cossacks if they attempted to lay their hands upon any article belonging to them. Of course their answer implied that they were on no unfriendly terms with the Cossacks; but I must leave it to the reader's imagination to conceive the sudden change of their countenances, when a moment after giving this answer of defiance and acknowledged intimacy with the enemies of the Allies, they beheld the red coats of the 71st Regiment of Highland Light Infantry, preceded by ten Turkish field-pieces, advancing upon them.

The Allies, upon hearing their reply, captured everything they possessed, consisting of 62 horses, 200 head of cattle and 140 sheep, and 400 fowls. The seamen of the French gun-boats, in the meantime, had a small expedition of their own, on shore, and captured eight bullocks—very fine animals, two of which they very politely presented to the English gun-boats, after coming back.

It is rumoured that the Russians, being completely beaten at Sebastopol, are likely to make an attempt on Yenikale; and the gun-boats of the Allies are, in consequence, being concentrated off Yenikale and St. Paul's, for the protection of the troops there.

The want of fresh water is severely felt there; and at St. Paul's the soldiers are erecting tanks for distilling salt water.

THE INAUGURATION SPEECH OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

The following is the most important portion of the speech of Dom Pedro the Fifth on his inauguration:—

"Worthy Peers and Gentlemen Deputies of the Portuguese Nation.—Being called by Divine favour and the Constitutional Monarchy to the Portuguese throne, I ought to signify in the first words which on this solemn occasion I address to the representatives of this nation, that I consider myself happy in being the King of such a people—of this people who did such heroic deeds and made so many sacrifices for the restoration and defence of the Constitutional Monarchy and the liberties of the country.

"According to the oath I have taken, my strenuous endeavour will be to promote the good of the nation on whose soil I stand. Faithful to the principles of Representative Government, and with due respect to the sacred precepts of the fundamental law of the State, I shall watch that they be truly executed.

"I will cause to be maintained, as far as lies in my power, the rights, guarantees, and liberty of Portuguese subjects. I will use every means within the sphere of Royal prerogative to promote public prosperity.

"I confide greatly, I repeat, in the representatives of the nation, much in the character of the Portuguese and their intelligence, and also in the suavity of our habits, which never fails to use a powerful influence even in the most difficult circumstances.

"Let us hope that the reign which commences to-day may obtain the blessings of the Most High; that the subjects of this Monarchy, which still extends to various parts of the world, may bless their King and his Government; that justice and liberty may reign with me; that I may consider myself happy in the happiness of all.

"The Ministers of my august father, as Regent of the kingdom, will continue in the exercise of their functions."

OUR SQUADRON IN THE WHITE SEA.—On the 12th, Captain Ommanney appeared before Pernau, and sending for the burgomaster, informed him that he had arrived off the town with a sufficient force to reduce it to a heap of ruins, but he would spare it on the following conditions:—1. The garrison to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves as prisoners of war. 2. All the property in Pernau belonging to Government to be given up. 3. All the shipping in the river to be given up. The burgomaster avowed that there were no troops in the place, that there was no property belonging to the Crown, and that the ships lay seven miles (five miles) up the river, where, however, there were troops, and that if the English wanted the ships, they must go up themselves and take them. Lastly, he prayed the commodore to spare the town. The burgomaster succeeded in his endeavours, and Captain Ommanney let him go ashore in safety.

CHURCH-RATES AT TAUNTON.—A very excited vestry meeting was held at Taunton last week, when it was proposed, on behalf of the churchwardens, that £2,000 should be raised on security of the rates, in addition to £1,000 which the parish had previously agreed to grant, in order to restore the tower. The proposition was rejected by a large majority, whereupon a poll was demanded by the churchwardens, who were a second time defeated. Even this was not accepted as conclusive, as a scrutiny had to be made, and the votes of those who were entitled to give more than one vote enumerated. The result, however, was a majority of six against the churchwardens.

LOSS OF THE WOLVERINE.—This ship struck on a reef of rocks called the Courtown Bank, about 160 miles east by north of Greytown, on the 11th of Aug., and became a total wreck. All hands were saved without a single accident. The greater proportion of the provisions, stock, wine, &c., was saved.

SERGEANT BRODIE, late of the First Royal Dragoons, whose case has excited so much interest, is only allowed the pittance of one shilling a day, being only half of what he was entitled to, to counteract the loss of his position and business, whilst the adjutant who ordered the troopers to knock him down, who was the principal of the duel, has been allowed to sell his own commission, and been granted a captaincy in the Turkish Contingent, worth £600 a year.

MESSES. SHORTBRIDGE AND CO. of Sheffield, are engaged in manufacturing a cast-steel gun, which shall be six times the strength of our cast-iron guns, and twice that of the Russian wrought-iron guns. This fact betokens that the Russians beat us by 8 to 1.

LOSS OF THE NEW YORK, NEWFOUNDLAND, AND LONDON SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

AN attempt has just been made by the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company, to lay a submarine cable from the island of Cape Breton to Newfoundland, with the expectation and under a contract that the Transatlantic Company, composed of French and English capitalists, will, by January, 1858, connect with them at St. John's, Newfoundland. This enterprise has, however, for the present proved unsuccessful, as will be seen by the details here given.

These united companies propose building a line from Halifax across the island of Cape Breton to Cape North, then across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Cape Ray on the south-western shore of Newfoundland, thence along the southern coast of the latter island to St. John's, on its eastern side, and there to connect with a great submarine cable having its terminus at Cork, Ireland; the distance across the ocean between those points not being more than 1,680 miles. The land portion of the line is being rapidly built, while the submarine part of it between Cape Breton and Newfoundland, the company are sanguine will be completed next year. Along this proposed route from Cork to St. John's, the bottom of the Sea is a plateau or ridge, as discovered by Lieutenant Maury in 1853, which, from its apparent purpose of holding the wires of a submarine telegraph, has been called the "Telegraph Plateau." It is about 70 fathoms deep, gradually increasing in depth from the shores of Newfoundland to near those of Ireland, and some two or three miles in width. St. John's is about two days nearer England than Halifax, and contains equal facilities for coaling large steamers.

Although the zeal and perseverance of this company have been seriously tried by the failure of their first attempt to connect Cape Breton with Newfoundland, and by the severe loss to which they have been subjected thereby, yet they are not at all discouraged, but will be ready at the earliest practicable moment to try again. They have seen the mistaken economy of employing a sailing vessel in tow of a large steamer, rather than one single steamer of sufficient strength and capacity to carry the cable, and to pay it out from her own hold. They have also seen the importance of commencing their operations earlier in the season, and of having the management of their steamer in the control of one man, nautically and mechanically skilled. If they have learned this lesson, it may not have been too dearly bought at an expense of 30,000 dollars.

The following are the most important details respecting the failure of this attempt:—The steamship *Jas. Alder*, after an absence of a month, arrived at New York, Sept. 5, at 11.30 a.m., from an excursion to Newfoundland, where she had been employed in laying the submarine telegraph cable, which was to connect that island with Cape Breton and the continent of America. The points of attachment for this submarine cable were, in general, Cape Ray on the Newfoundland coast, and Cape North on the Cape Breton shore; the distance between these points being 552 nautical miles, as given by the English Admiralty. The length of the cable was 74 statute miles, being an increase of a little over 14 per cent. over the exact distance between these points,—a greater allowance for leeway and unevenness of bottom than had ever before been made, 12 per cent. being the greatest ever allowed. Early in the morning of the 28th ult., after the *Alder* had passed out of the Cove into the Gulf, the current was found to be strongly setting up the Gulf to the north, and a few hours after, setting equally strong in an opposite direction. The cable was paid out at the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, with frequent interruptions by the kinking of the coils as they passed up from the hold of the ship. Early in the morning, it was found that one of the wires was deficient, no electrical current from the shore reaching the ship. About midnight, the cable broke in the hold of the bark, which was not spliced until about 7 o'clock the next morning (the 29th). After this the cable was paid out more rapidly. At noon of this day, it was found that the electrical current was interrupted in the second wire. On the afternoon, a strong wind sprung up from the S.W. Late in the afternoon, another break occurred, which was finally spliced, but the last and only remaining wire was now found defective. While lying to, repairing this, the wind blowing almost a hurricane, this last wire was now found entirely useless—such had been the strain upon the cable; and for the safety of the bark, now pitching and surging most frightfully in a heavy sea, the whole cable was ordered to be cut, and with it was severed the high hopes and joyous anticipations of all concerned.

It is understood that the actual cost of the cable delivered at Port-au-Basques, including the expense of insurance and the cost of transportation, was 75,000 dollars, upon which there was a full assurance in England, the policy covering the transportation and the process of laying the cable. There had been 40½ miles paid out when the cable was cut. It is not improbable that a part of the lost cable, if not all of it, may be recovered, but it can only be done by a heavy expenditure of time and money. Such is the weight of it (between five and six tons to the mile), and such the depth of water, and the perils of the sea, that it will be a dangerous and expensive undertaking.

SERIOUS COLLISIONS BETWEEN THE FOREIGN LEGION AND THE ROYAL MARINES.—It appears that on Friday week a party of the German Legion were drinking in a beer-house in South Street, Gosport, and that some quarrel ensued between them and a number of men of the Royal Marines who were also there. From the beerhouse the two parties sallied into the street, where a regular fight took place. The combatants were without bayonets or other deadly weapons; still they did considerable execution on each other, the Marines with their belts, and the Legionaries with sticks or anything else that came in their way. After a struggle of great violence, the latter had to retreat to their barracks. The police force of the town could do little towards quelling the disturbance. In the course of the following evening, some 50 or 60 of the Marines again assembled in South Street, when they were attacked by a similar force of Germans. Some of the latter had armed themselves with wooden rails, torn up by them from Government fences, but others armed themselves with knives. The Marines used their belts as before. The collision did not last long, but it was furious, and many broken heads were the result. Two Marines were stabbed, one of them so severely that he is not expected to recover. After the defeat of the Germans on Friday night, some of them, to escape from the fury of the Marines, took refuge in the first house they could, concealing themselves in waterclosets, &c. On the same night, on going to bed in barracks, a Marine in custody said to another, "Well, I did for one of them." I found him in a privy, and I shoved him down and smothered him." The German Legion and the Royal Marines have been confined, for the present, within their barracks, at the special request of the county magistrates.

WRECKERS AFLOAT.—On the night of the 9th, the schooner *Alert*, of Belfast, when near the Pentland Skerries, struck on the larger Skerry, and remained fast. The captain was washed overboard, but was saved by two women belonging to the lighthouse. The mate and the others of the crew went on shore to the lighthouse, where they were all kindly treated by Mr. Cumming, the keeper. During their absence, eleven boats from Stromo and other places on the Pentland, boarded the stranded vessel, and the crews began cutting up the standing rigging, appropriating the stores, and otherwise conducting themselves like wreckers of the olden time. While this work was going on, the mate boarded the ship, and ordered the men to desist, which they refused to do, declaring that the vessel while stranded was as much theirs as the mate's! At last permission was given them to lighten the vessel, provided they would carry all the articles to the larger Skerry. This they promised to do, but did not. The work of destruction then commenced in reality. The standing rigging was cut down, and the masts cut away by the board, and allowed to go over the side. Each man helped himself, and every boat had some portion of the vessel's rigging or stores, comparatively little being left behind for the owners.

EXCURSION OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION TO ARRAN.—By the liberality of Mr. Hutcheson, of Glasgow, the magnificent and swift-sailing steamer *Iona* was last week placed at the disposal of such of the members of the British Association as chose to avail themselves of a trip to the Island of Arran, so famous among scientific men, as presenting so many features of interest, especially to the geologist. Accordingly this fine vessel left the Broomielaw with a party of ladies and gentlemen numbering nearly five hundred.

FATAL GUN-HOT ACCIDENT.

On Monday last, an inquest was held at Kingswood, near Reigate, on the body of Mr. John Shepherd, who lost his life under the following circumstances. It seems that, on the previous Friday, Mr. Creswick, Mr. Richard Shepherd, the lessee of the Surrey Theatre, and Mr. John Shepherd, his brother, were in the neighbourhood of Reigate, in a field, enjoying the diversion of shooting; and while passing down the field, Mr. Creswick and Mr. Richard Shepherd were on one side the hedge, and the deceased, Mr. John Shepherd, on the other. Mr. Creswick was carrying a double-barrelled gun, which was loaded, and as a matter of precaution, he stopped for a short time to put down the hammers upon the nipples. He had placed the gun across his knee for that purpose, and had lowered one of the hammers, but before he could lower the other, the barrel went off, and Mr. John Shepherd, who unfortunately at the moment was passing a gap in the hedge, received the whole of the contents in the side of the neck, when he fell, never uttered a cry or groan, and instantly expired. Nothing could exceed the grief of Mr. Creswick and that of the brother of the unfortunate man; and medical assistance was immediately obtained, but the fatal work had been accomplished beyond all aid. The news was immediately telegraphed to London, to the friends of the deceased, and the Surrey Theatre was immediately closed. Verdict—"Accidental death."

ACCIDENT AT A RAILWAY VIADUCT.

An accident of a novel character, attended with very disastrous results, occurred last week on the Dinting Viaduct of the Manchester and Sheffield Railway. A train from Manchester approached the Hadfield station, and in consequence of an excursion train being in advance, the Manchester train was brought to a stand on the viaduct. The night was very dark, and some of the passengers in the Manchester train, who had to get out at Hadfield, imagined that the train was already at the station. Three of them, two young men and a young woman, opened the door of their carriage and got out. The parapet of the viaduct was within a short space of the carriages, and it is supposed, owing to the darkness of the night, that, instead of getting down in the narrow space between the train and the parapet of the viaduct, they stepped upon the top of the parapet. Immediately afterwards an alarm was given that they had fallen over, and the shocking fact was soon afterwards confirmed by the discovery of their bodies in the valley below. They had fallen from a height of seventy-five feet. Two of them, John Healy and Jane Hadfield, were teachers in the Little Moor Independent Sunday School, and had been with a party of Sunday school teachers to spend the day at Bellevue Gardens, Manchester. When found, they were quite dead. The deceased were riding in a third-class carriage, having a light inside. This light would probably affect the eyesight a little on first alighting from the carriage, and its reflection upon the coping stones of the parapet would give them the appearance of a platform. A person who witnessed the accident says Healy was the first to jump out of the carriage, saving, as he stepped upon the parapet, "This is the way out." He then held out his hand for Jane Hadfield, who took it as he stepped back, and they instantly disappeared together. A faint cry was gasped by the unfortunate woman. Another young woman, named Harriet Hampson, got out upon the step of the carriage, and thence upon the parapet; but, having some doubt about its being the platform of the station, she tried the width of it with one foot while she stood on the other, and at this critical moment, one passenger crying out that it was the viaduct, and another that a woman had already fallen over, some of her companions in the carriage caught hold of her dress and dragged her in again. It was then that Priestnall sprang out of the second carriage upon the parapet, and fell over. It appears that the parapets of the viaduct are rather more than a yard high, and 3 feet 4 inches from the nearest rail. The bottom of a railway carriage is rather higher than the parapet.

A WIFE-BEATER PUNISHED.—On the evening of the 4th inst., a man rejoicing in the cognomen of Dai Dumpin was requested by his better half to put a few nails in one of the children's shoes. At this small request he became so exasperated that he struck his wife with an iron spoon, and cut open one side of the poor woman's face. She fell to the ground, where she lay bleeding and senseless, when some women living near came to her assistance, and carried her to bed. The news of Dai's violence towards his wife spread rapidly, and next morning a host of colliers and miners procured a plank, at which they placed the wife-beater. The plank was carried by four men, while two others walked, one on each side, to hold the culprit's legs. He himself, stooping forward, laid fast hold of the plank with his hands, presenting a laughable spectacle. In this manner he was carried from Penywaun down through Tregibbon and Llywycod ironworks, accompanied by about one hundred people, many of whom had small branches of ash and other trees, with which they often flagellated the miserable man, in something of the Lynch style, amidst tremendous laughter and shouts of "hurrah," &c., from all sides. Having been well paraded, he was brought back to Llywycod, when he was taken down from his wooden horse, and feelingly and impressively addressed by two of his Lynching attendants, in short speeches, on the wickedness of his conduct; and then repentantly went down upon his knees, and promised never to beat his wife again.

ACCIDENT TO MR. LIDDELL, M.P.—On Wednesday night week, at 8 p.m., Mr. Liddell's coachman drove along the road near Percy Main, the carriage fell over into a hole, and the horses dragged the carriage with great force down the unprotected embankment. The coachman was thrown into the adjoining field, and two ladies and Mr. Liddell were buried beneath the carriage. Fortunately the coachman was able to hold down the heads of the horses until Mr. Liddell and the two ladies were extricated—one of the ladies was very severely hurt. The carriage was completely broken, and the horses severely injured.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

HACKETT BROTHERS.—John and Thomas Hackett, stated to be brothers of the notorious burglar and prison-breaker of the name, who recently underwent the extreme penalty of the law in New York, whether he fled after his escape from Pentonville Prison, were indicted for stealing a box containing drugs belonging to John Harewood.

It appeared from the evidence of a cabman, that about eight o'clock on the evening of the 17th of August, as he was on the Pelham Crescent rank, in Brompton Road, he saw the prisoner Thomas in a small cart, driving at the rear of a carrier's cart, and the prisoner Robert, with a man not in custody, went up to the carrier's cart and took down from the backboard a box. They carried it up to the cart driven by the elder prisoner, and put it upon the shafts, and then both tried to get into the cart. Not succeeding in so doing, and finding they were detected, they ran off. The man driving the carrier's cart instantly got down, and ran after the cart driven by Thomas, who flogged the horse into a gallop, and got away, the box falling down in the struggle made by the carrier to stop the cart. The cabman ran after the other prisoner, but he and the man not in custody escaped.

Two police constables stated, that the same night, as they were on duty in the Kennington Road, they saw a small cart driven by Thomas Hackett pull up near to a carrier's cart, which was standing at the roadside, and the younger prisoner and another man got out of it. They then went and took from the back of the carrier's cart a bale of goods, which they put into Hackett's cart, and were on the point of driving off when the officers ran up and prevented them. They had no sooner attempted to do so than they were set upon by the prisoners and most brutally beaten; and one of the officers was most seriously injured about the head with a life-preserver. In consequence of this resistance, the younger prisoner and the other man got away, but the prisoner John was, after perpetrating further injuries upon the police, secured. Some few days afterwards, as one of the constables was on duty near the Queen's Prison, he saw the prisoner Robert talking to a woman. Hackett, directly he saw the officer, said to her, "Here is one that wants me," and was then taken into custody.

The prisoner John had been sentenced from this court to transportation for burglary, but had been released upon ticket of leave, and immediately upon gaining his liberty he resumed his old courses, and was known to the police as one of the most desperate ruffians in the metropolis. Upon his part, no defence was offered; but upon behalf of the younger one an attempt was made to show that upon the night in question, and for a long time previously, he had been regularly at the house of a person at the east end of London, paying his addresses to a young woman. He had also been in constant employment for a long time previous to his apprehension.

The jury found both prisoners guilty, recommending the younger one to mercy, believing him to have been led into crime by his elder brother. The Court sentenced him to six years' penal servitude, and the younger one, on account of the opinion expressed by the jury, to three months' imprisonment.

POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

A GERMAN LOVER'S AFFECTION FOR HIS MISTRESS'S CLOTHES.—Baldwin Specht, a German, who was said to be the keeper of a coffeehouse in Kentish Town, was brought before the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, last week, upon the charge of having robbed Miss Johanna Doscher his countrywoman, of a cloak, a shawl, and other articles of female attire.

The German had regularly made love to the prosecutrix in their own country, and prevailed upon her to come over to England to be married. During the journey he endeavoured to prevail upon her to treat him as if the ceremony had already taken place, and at the hotel in London where she took up her temporary abode, he became very importunate upon the same subject. He, however, found all he could lay his hands upon of her property, and decamped. It was soon, however, discovered, that he had presented the shawl to a lady who had been for a considerable time his wife, and that he had disposed of other property which the prosecutrix claimed as hers in another manner.

Miss Johanna Doscher, a young woman of most respectable appearance, who evidently laboured under great depression of spirits, and was obliged to sit during the examination, said (through an interpreter) that she charged the prisoner with robbery. He stole the property produced—a shawl, a silk dress, and other things, out of her room, in a hotel near London Bridge. She did not see him take them. She saw those things at the Police Station, having given information of the robbery to the police. There was a book among the property which was hers, but she made no charge as to that, for he borrowed it to read. When he visited her at the hotel she considered him in the light of a lover; he was paying his addresses to her, but she had since learned that he was a married man. He took the things for the purpose of swindling her, and she did not believe he intended to bring them back. She was sure that he took them with the intention of never restoring them, and he was seen in the hotel on the day they were missed.

The detective officer, said he found the prisoner had given one of the articles to his wife, to whom he mentioned that he had bought them at a pawnbroker's sale. There was a gold chain missing also, and he believed some other trinket of value had also been taken.

The Lord Mayor said he had heard quite enough to induce him to remand the prisoner for further examination.

The German, whose wife was present during the examination, was then remanded.

HOW MRS. WRIGHT'S RING WAS LOST AND FOUND.—Mr. Benham, of the late firm of Sirrell and Benham, the well-known gold and silver refiners of Barbican, appeared at Guildhall on Monday, to answer to a complaint of unlawfully detaining a gold ring, which was alleged to have been stolen about nine months ago.

Mr. T. Wright, of Bunhill Row, stated that at about eight or nine months ago his wife had her pocket picked of her purse, containing 18s. and a ring made of pure Australian gold, and on proceeding down Holborn Hill a few days since he recognised the lost ring in the shop of Mr. Newstead, a dealer in second-hand jewellery and clothing, and claimed it, but Mr. Newstead refused to give it up. He called again shortly after, and was then informed that the ring had been sent to Mr. Benham, who had returned to Mr. Newstead the money he gave for the ring, and detained it. Mr. Wright then went to Mr. Benham, but was unable to obtain the ring. He knew the ring he had seen was his by the size of it, and the fact of its having only one hole in the strap, the ring being made in the form of an ordinary belt and buckle. There were no other marks upon it.

Mr. Benham, on being asked to produce the ring, said he had it with him. Mr. Wright had described the ring as of a very peculiar construction, and said he could identify it by its make. But as there were at least a thousand of the same pattern in existence, he had brought a few from his stock of the same description, in order that Mr. Wright might detect his own ring among the rest. He knew which was the ring Mr. Wright claimed, and would point it out to the Magistrate if he wished; but he thought if the complainant could recognise his ring in a shop window nine months after it was lost, he would have no difficulty in identifying it from among the number produced. If he selected the same ring, he should have it.

Mr. Newstead said he bought the ring from Mr. Benham, and when Mr. Wright claimed it he sent it back and received the money. He believed Mr. Benham still had the ring, but there were so many of the same pattern that he did not think he could identify it again.

Mr. Wright was then called upon, and desired to pick out the ring from among those produced. Having accordingly examined the rings very carefully for some time, he at length declared his inability to say which ring belonged to him.

Mr. Benham said it was not the value of the ring that made him contest the question, and if Mr. Wright would put a sovereign in the poor-box he would give him the ring he claimed. He had sold about a thousand rings of the same pattern, and if he gave up everything that was claimed, without being identified, any person might claim the whole of his or any other tradesman's stock.

The sitting Alderman said he did not think Mr. Benham had answered the summons. He was required to produce the ring in question, instead of which he had ingeniously contrived to introduce it among a number of other rings, for the purpose of confusing the complainant.

Mr. Benham said he had produced the ring, but if the Alderman desired it he would point out the ring he received back.

The ring was then produced by itself, and Mr. Wright, finding it fitted his finger, said it was the ring he had lost.

The Alderman requested Mr. Newstead to look at the ring, and say if it was the same ring Mr. Wright saw in his shop.

Mr. Newstead said his candid opinion was that it was the same ring, but he could not be positive, as he had not seen the other rings.

Mrs. Wright then came forward, said it was the same ring that was stolen from her. She recognised it because it was not quite round, and went easily on her finger.

The Alderman said Mr. Benham had acted wrong in taking back the ring, instead of allowing it to remain where it was until the case had been decided.

Mr. Benham said he had only acted as any other honest tradesman would have done. On hearing the ring had been claimed, he at once returned the money, and offered to give the ring up to Mr. Wright if he could identify it.

The Alderman said Mr. Benham had no right to detain the ring, and that he should order it to be given up.

Mr. Benham inquired upon what ground such an order was made?

And the Alderman replied upon the ground that it was Mr. Wright's property. Mr. Benham said he was not so sure of that. The identification had not been fairly established; and he, therefore, considered it was a most unjust decision. Mr. Wright had boasted of having "a friend at court," and it certainly appeared to be a fact.

The Alderman said Mr. Benham should be more careful how he purchased property of this kind, and the latter said no one could be more careful than he was, or more anxious to assist the police.

The chief clerk said, in justice to Mr. Benham, he was bound to say that it was only last week that a case came before the Alderman of this court, of which nothing would have been known had it not been for information afforded by him, to whom the person charged offered the stolen property for sale.

Mrs. Wright then secured her ring, and all parties left the court.

A RUSSIAN FUNCTIONARY.—A young Pole, named Julius Cielecki, who was attached to the office of Intendant-in-Chief of the Army of the South, was sent from the Crimea, entrusted with 150,000 silver roubles (about £24,000) to pay for a large purchase of horses which had been made in the Government of Kieff. Instead, however, of proceeding to Kieff, he took the road to Warsaw, where he was well known, and obtained bills of Exchange on London and Paris for the funds in his possession. He then obtained a false passport, and up to the present time no trace of him has been discovered. It is supposed that he left for France or England.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

THE money transactions in National Securities, this week, have been trifling, and the market generally has ruled exceedingly heavy, at drooping prices. The present inactivity may be attributed to two leading causes, viz., the immense demand for money on continental account, and the rapid decrease in the stock of bullion in the Bank of England as well as in the Bank of France. The supply in the former establishment is now reduced to £13,698,455—in the latter to £11,545,800; showing a falling off in the present year of over £12,000,000 sterling! Great fears are entertained in some quarters that the stock in London will be further reduced before the end of the year to £10,000,000, and that, as a consequence, money will become much dearer than it now is. But, though large supplies of gold must of necessity leave us in the interim—for instance, we are sending away £200,000 per week in coin to the Crimea, to pay our troops, and about the same amount is being transmitted by the French Government—we may safely conclude that, except for actual wants abroad, a check will be given to shipment by Bank Directors, who will not hesitate to make money much higher than even over 5 per cent. India is now drawing us of over £500,000 per month, to meet payments for the formation of railways and other works, and the continent is still forwarding large quantities of silver in return for gold. It is expected, however, that this enormous drain will cease, and that the greater portion of the Turkish Loan of £5,000,000 will be met in Turkey itself—in other words, that English coin will be purchased in that country by means of bills on the Treasury. As regards the payment of £1,500,000, we understand that about £800,000 in coin was to be purchased, and that only £700,000 was sent away from this country. The circulation of foreign coin in the English stock market recorded this week:—Three per Cent. Consols, for money, 89½ to 90, and for the account, 89½ to 90½; India Stock, 228 to 230; Exchequer Bills, 23 dis. to 24 prem.; Exchequer Bonds, 99½ to 100.

Money has been rather more abundant than for some time past; yet the bes paper has not been done under 4½ per cent. In the Stock Exchange money is worth 3½ per cent. on Government Securities; and the discount houses are giving 3½ per cent. for money on "call."

In foreign bonds, very little business has been transacted, and prices almost generally have had a downward tendency. Peruvian 4½ per Cent. have realised 77½ ex div.; Spanish 3 per Cent., 85½; Turkish 6 per Cent., 90; ditto, New Serp. 4 discount; Dutch 4 per Cent., for account, 96½.

The imports of bullion have been about £380,000. Several vessels, with large supplies of gold on board, are shortly expected from Australia. The accounts on the subject of the produce of gold continue favourable.

Mining shares have continued dull. Australian have marked ½; and Cobre Copper, 65½.

There has been less doing in joint-stock bank shares, and prices have slightly receded. Bank of London have realised 53 to 52½; City, 56 to 55½; London and Eastern, 52; Union of Australia, 71; Union of London, 29½.

Miscellaneous securities have been rather dull. British American Land have realised 80½; Canada Company's bonds, 182½; ditto Government securities, 6 per cent., 112½; Crystal Palace, 21; ditto Preference, 5½ ex int.; Royal Mail Steam, 75; South Australian Land, 37; Van Diemen's Land, 14½.

Most railway shares have continued to decline in price, and the account has turned out a "bullish" affair. Dublin and Belfast Junction have sold at 40½; East Anglian, 124; Eastern Counties, 9½ ex div.; Edinburgh and Glasgow, 50½; Great Northern, 86½; Great Western, 56½; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 76½ ex div.; London and Brighton, 96; London and North Western, 92½; London and South Western, 83½; Midland, 65½; Norfolk, 46½ ex div.; North Eastern—Berwick—70; ditto Leeds, 124; ditto York, 46½; North Staffordshire, 14½; South Eastern, 57½; South Wales, 32 ex div.; East Indian, 28; Great Central of France, 14½; Great Western of Canada, 24½; Northern of France, 35; Paris and Lyons, 44½; Western of France, 30½; Zealand, 18½.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—Since our last report, the arrivals of new English wheat, coastwise and by land carriage, have been extensive, and in fair average condition; but those of old parcels have been trifling. All kinds have sold heavily, at a decline in the quotations of from 2s. to 3s. per quarter, and clearances have not been effected. In foreign wheat, very little has been doing for some consumption; but several parcels have changed hands for shipment to France, at full prices. Floating cargoes have realised high rates. The few samples of barley in the market have realised 1s. to 2s. per quarter more money, and the prices of malt have had an upward tendency. The oat trade has ruled inactive, at about previous rates. Both beans and peas have been in demand on rather higher terms. The flour trade has ruled steady, at full currencies—the top price of English being 72s. per 280lbs.

ENGLISH CURRENCY.—Essex and Kent White Wheat, 63s. to 55s.; ditto, Red, 5s. to 77s.; Malting Barley, 35s. to 42s.; Distilling ditto, 36s. to 35s.; Grinding ditto, 31s. to 37s.; Malt, 66s. to 74s.; Rye, 48s. to 54s.; Feed oats, 26s. to 27s.; Potato ditto, 27s. to 30s.; Tick Beans, 39s. to 43s.; Pigeon, 42s. to 48s.; White Peas, 52s. to 60s.; Maple, 41s. to 44s.; Gray, 38s. to 42s. per quarter; Town-made Flour, 70s. to 72s.; Town Households, 64s. to 65s.; Country, 60s. to 63s.; Norfolk and Suffolk, 57s. to 58s. per 280 lbs.

CATTLE.—There has been a considerable falling off in the supply of beasts compared with the previous week; yet the demand for most breeds has ruled inactive, at hardly stationary prices. Sheep have been in moderate supply, and fair request, at full quotations. In the value of calves and pigs, very little change has taken place, with a fair inquiry. Beef, from 3s. 2d. to 4s. 8d.; mutton, 3s. 4d. to 5s.; veal, 3s. 10d. to 5s.; pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per 5lbs.; to sink the offal.

NEWCASTLE AND LEADENHALL.—The supplies of each kind of meat have been seasonably good, and the trade is heavy, as follows:—Beef, from 3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.; mutton, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 6d.; veal, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.; pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 8d. per 5lbs. by the carcass.

TEA.—Most kinds—the supply of which is good—are tolerably firm, and last week's prices are supported:—Congou, 84d. to 2s. 6d.; Ning Yung and Oolong, 10d. to 1s. 9d.; Souchong, 9d. to 2s. 8d.; Flowery Pekoe, 1s. 4d. to 3s. 6d.; Caper, 1s. to 1s. 2d.; Scented Caper, 1s. to 1s. 8d.; Orange Pekoe, 1s. 1d. to 1s. 4d.; Scented Orange Pekoe, 1s. 9d. to 2s. 9d.; Twanky, 7d. to 1s. 2d.; Hyson Skin, 7d. to 1s.; Hyson, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 9d.; Young Hyson, 9d. to 1s.; Imperial, 11d. to 2s. 9d.; Gunpowder, 1s. to 3s. 6d.; Assam, 1s. to 4s. 4d. per lb.

SUGAR.—There has been a steady demand for all raw qualities at fully the late advance in the quotations. The stock of sugar in warehouse is now 55,000 tons less than last year. Mauritius has sold at from 37s. 6d. to 48s. 6d.; Bengal, 39s. to 49s. 6d.; Madras, 36s. 6d. to 48s. 6d.; Penang, 38s. 6d. to 45s.; and Havannah, 29s. to 36s. per cwt. Refined goods have sold at from 53s. 6d. to 56s. per cwt.

MOLASSES.—The demand is still active, and prices are advancing. Cuba, 21s. to 22s. 6d.; Porto Rico, 21s. to 22s. 6d.; and low to fine West India, 21s. to 22s. per cwt.

COFFEE.—The amount of business doing in our market is very moderate, at full quotations. Ceylon has sold at 46s. to 82s.; Mocha, 58s. to 92s.; Costa Rica, 52s. to 72s.; Java, 47s. to 55s.; and Jamaica, 52s. to 84s. per cwt.

COCOA.—Our market is tolerably firm, but we have no change to notice in the quotations. Gray Trinidad is selling at 44s. to 45s.; red, 46s. to 52s.; Granada, 41s. to 48s.; Bahia, 41s. to 42s.; and Java, 41s. 6d. to 42s. per cwt.

RICE.—There has been a steady demand for all kinds, at full quotations. About 5,000 tons have sold for arrival. The stock is 11,000 tons.

PROVISIONS.—The best qualities of butter are in fair request, at full prices; but inferior kinds move off slowly at barely late rates. The finest Friesland is selling at 10s. to 10½s.; and the best Dorset, 10s. to 11½s. per cwt. Bacon is in short supply and steady request at 1s. per cwt. more money. Lard has advanced 2s. per cwt.

WOOL.—We have a fair demand for nearly all kinds of English wool, at full prices, but foreign and colonial qualities are dull in sale.

COTTON.—Our market is heavy, and prices are a shade easier. Surat, 3½d. to 5½d.; Bengal, 3½d. to 4d.; and Madras, 3½d. to 4½d. per lb.

HEMP AND FLAX.—Baltic hemp is in moderate request, at £44 per ton for Petersburg clean. Flax is steady, at £22 to £26 per ton for New Zealand, and £12 to £17 for Trinidad.

METALS.—Scotch pig-iron has sold at 80s. 6d. cash. Common bars are worth £8 3s. to £8 10s., and Staffordshire, £10 5s. to £10 10s. per ton; sheet-iron, in London, are quoted at £11 10s. to £12, and nail rods, £10 5s. to £10 10s. per ton. Tin is dull, and rather lower—Banco, 125s. 6d. to 126s.; Straits, 123s. to 124s.; British, 125s. to 127s., and refined, 130s. 6d. to 131s. Tin plates move off slowly at 28s. 6d. to 29s. per ton for I. C. coke, and 40s. to 46s. 6d. for I. X. charcoal. Lead is in brisk demand, at £24 10s. to £25 for British pig, and £23 to £24 per ton for Spanish. Quick-silver, 1s. 9½d. per lb. Spelter moves off freely, at £23 10s. to £23 15s. per ton for present delivery. English zinc, £28 per ton.

SPIRITS.—Government has taken 110,000 gallons of rum, at from 2s. 3½d. to 2s. 4d. per gallon, proof. The demand is still firm. Proof Licewards, 2s. 4d. to 2s. 5d. Brandy is steady, but not dearer. Malt Spirit, 10s. 8d., proof.

IRON.—Although large public sales are close at hand, the demand is steady, at full prices.

HOPS.—Large quantities of new hops in first-rate condition continue to arrive, and a steady business is doing in them at from £4 5s. to £6 6s. per cwt. The duty is called £300,000.

POTATOES.—The supplies are less extensive, and the trade is steady at from 45s. to 9s. per ton.

COALS.—Eden Main, 21s.; Gosforth, 20s.; Hartley, 20s.; Belmont, 21s.; Haswell, 22s. 3d.; Hetton, 22s.; Lambton, 21s. 9d.; Stewart's, 22s.; Tees, 22s. per ton.

OILS.—There has been a fair sale for Linsced Oil, at full prices, viz., 44s. per cwt. on the spot. Other oils support former terms. Turpentine is firm at 33s. per cwt. for spirits, and 8s. to 8s. 6d. for rough.

TALLOW.—The trade is steady, at full quotations. P.Y.C. on the spot, 57s. 3d. to 57s. 6d. per cwt. The stock is now 29,344 casks, against 31,39, ditto in 1854, 22,139 in 1853, and 34,460 in 1852.

LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21.

BANKRUPTS.—WILLIAM JESSE WALLER, Herbert Street, New North Road, printer—WILLIAM JOHNSON, Mountsattel, Leicester, innkeeper, &c.—THOMAS POTTER, Sheffield, hosier—JOHN WILLIAM BELL, Crowland, Lincolnshire, draper and grocer—SAMUEL WILKINSON, Bradford, machine maker—JOHN BURTON RHODES, Wakefield, boot and shoe maker—EDWARD GIBBS, Keppel Mews, North Russell Square, Middlesex, coach maker—THOMAS MACBETH, Preston, tailor and draper.

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

BANKRUPTS.—GEORGE PARKER, Southampton, cook—WILLIAM ASHTON Longborough Road, Brixton, builder—GEORGE SIGHT, Goswell Street, confectioner—JOHN PATTISON, Alpha Road, St. John's Wood, surgeon—MOSES YEARSLEY, South Bank, St. John's Wood, wine merchant—RICHARD THOMAS FITCHETT, Hanover Street, Hanover Square, tailor—THOMAS KIRKDON, Nethercote, Devonshire, elder merchant—WILLIAM OULTON, Liverpool, chemist—THOMAS ALLEN and THOMAS CUTHBERT COCKSON, Manchester, Italian warehouseman.

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